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THE NATION

JUNE 30, 1969 35 cents

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The 'Failing' Newspaper Probe

The Press Dummies Up

ARTHUR E. ROWSE

CONSUMERS BE DAMNED!

THE MA BELL RENTAL AGENCY

WILLIS PARK ROKES

GE's GREAT BULB CAPER

W. F. MATTES

Three Insurgents: Torres, Dolci, Villa

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LETTERS

nothing new

Buffalo, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: Your editorial, "Warning from Berkeley" [June 16] . . . repeats the initial response of critics to the Vietnamese War. Internal disruptions, like their external counterparts, are now being interpreted as "aberrations" from American ideals when, in fact, police brutality is the custom for handling "disruptable" persons. It is standard procedure for the police to assault and abuse, verbally and physically, any nonconformist taken into custody. Therefore, can *The Nation* say that "the general situation in the United States is deteriorating rapidly" when policemen merely conduct themselves as they have always done—only this time toward students rather than, say, black people? . . . How long is it going to take us to accept, as fact, that the American Government rests upon force and not authority?

Sidney M. Willhelm

tricky debate

Pittsburgh, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: I realize I am a little late in responding to "The Blacks Cry Genocide" by Ralph Z. Hallow [*The Nation*, Apr. 28], but I have been out of the country. . . . Opposition to Planned Parenthood in Homewood came from black people themselves: the two black leaders mentioned in your article, William Haden and Charles E. Greenlee, M.D. I have participated in no debates or discussions within the black community.

Planned Parenthood has tried to paint me as a leader and, in the TV debate which the article mentions, they got me involved by trickery. I think it is trickery to invite a person to participate in a debate with the expectation that he will be debating other white people and have him find that the faces on the other side are all black.

Let me conclude with my most frequent observation on this matter; the establishment promotes the "pill" more efficiently among the blacks than it does anything else.

Rev. Msgr. Charles O. Rice, Pastor
Holy Rosary Church

the other injunctions

Albany, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Frank J. Donner's article, "The Injunction on Campus [*The Nation*, June 9], focuses concisely upon the danger resulting from the extension of the injunctive remedy to campus disturbances. However, Mr. Donner failed to examine the value of the injunctive remedy when used by students and student groups to restrain illegal repression, both from inside and outside the university. The injunction is one of the few tools available to students and student groups to halt administration and outside activities before the effects become irreversible. Unfortunately, whereas the courts seem willing to issue injunctions against students at the whim of the establishment, they are unwilling to issue such injunctions against the establishment. . . . One example should suffice to illustrate this point.

The Senate Investigating Committee on Governmental Operations has subpoenaed various records and documents concerning various students and their activities at a significant number of campuses across the country, among them the University of California at Berkeley. The university administration gave the students affected by the subpoena only one day to pursue their legal remedies before the documents were turned over. It seemed clear that the only adequate remedy with such short notice was to ask the federal district court to restrain disclosure until the matter could be more thoroughly examined. . . . Nevertheless, the restraining order was denied.

Brian M. Sax

EDITORIALS

The New York Primary

There was disappointment in the June 17 New York City primary, notably for former Mayor Robert F. Wagner, who failed to win the Democratic nomination, and for Mayor Lindsay, who failed to win the Republican. But the results were not surprising. "Law and order" won the Republican and Democratic nominations for John Marchi (also nominated by the Conservative Party) and Mario Procaccino; the two winners had little to say about any other issue. The tide that brought victory to Yorty in Los Angeles and to Stenvig in Minneapolis swept like an oil slick through the boroughs of New York (Manhattan excepted). But the tide was not as strong as the results, unanalyzed, might seem to indicate.

The vote was heavy, for a primary, but even so it represented only 36 per cent of the total Democratic registration and 34.7 per cent of the total Republican enrollment. Procaccino, running against four opponents, won with only 32.8 per cent of a Democratic vote of 769,036, and while Marchi received 51.2 per cent of 218,083 Republican votes, he defeated Lindsay by only about 5,000 votes. Lindsay's running mates—Perrotta for Controller, Garelik for Council President—won nomination, and since both support Lindsay, the Republican ticket is split. It should be emphasized that the vote cast against Marchi and Procaccino was 623,111 or 63.1 per cent of the total. Four rivals for the Democratic nomination received a combined vote of 516,753, or better than 2 to 1 over Procaccino. On the face of these returns, Lindsay has a good chance to win in November.

Actually the results were more of a blow to both major parties than to any of the candidates. Marchi's victory will hurt the Republicans locally and nationally. His chances of winning in November are negligible. But he —or rather the Conservative Party—now has a strong hold on the Republican organization in the boroughs outside Manhattan. The effect will be to identify the Republican Party in New York with right-wing conservatism tinged with racism. Marchi's victory will certainly not help Nixon carry the state in 1972. The President has endorsed but will not campaign for Marchi, but the announcements by Senators Hatfield, Brooke, Mathias, Goodell and Javits that they will campaign for Lindsay only points up Nixon's problem. At the same time, it will create serious trouble for Sen. Charles Goodell of New York, who must stand for election in 1970. He can now expect a bitter, bruising fight against a right-wing "law and order" candidate who will be sponsored, of course, by the Conservative Party. And if Governor Rockefeller feels that his promise to support Marchi will help his own chances in 1970, he may well be in for a surprise. The Conservative Party has long regarded the Governor as its prime target in New York politics. As for the Democrats, any semblance of unity in New York

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City has been shattered, the old combination of district bosses and the Central Labor Council no longer has the power it once did, and the party is now sharply split. Badillo, who ran a good campaign and made an impressive showing, has announced that he will not support Procaccino.

A larger national significance may be found in the results. Nationally, the liberal Republicans are in deep trouble, recent evidence being the failure of the respected and popular Senator Kuchel to win renomination in California last year and now Lindsay's failure to win the Republican nomination in New York. What might be called "the liberal Republican bit" never had deep roots in the party. Liberal Republicanism—protected to some extent by the Eisenhower mystique—was primarily confined to the West Coast and to the Northeastern states, including New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. In these traditionally Republican areas (a viable Democratic Party did not emerge in California until 1938), the party had to nominate "liberals" or "moderates" if it wanted to win. While this is still true, the election of Nixon, which reflects a long-term trend, has swung the party sharply to the right. In both the 1964 and 1968 conventions, the liberal Republicans won scant recognition and had little influence. In brief, time has run out on them. A polarization is taking place between and within each major party. At the same time, the marked trend toward issue-oriented politics makes it increasingly difficult for "liberal" Republicans to blur their basic, and irreconcilable, differences, many of which have a strong moral content, with the Reagans, Marchis and Goldwaters of the party.

But the liberal Republicans have an option if they will exercise it. The basis for a new winning coalition exists, but it has not yet been organized. Nationally it can be seen in the votes in the Congress against ABM and MIRV, and in efforts to cut defense spending and reorder national priorities. Locally it exists in the issues constituting the urban crisis. The major potential elements include: liberal and reform Democrats, the key minorities, a large section of the young, intellectuals (academic and otherwise), liberal-moderate Republicans and, generally, all those who oppose the war in Vietnam and want to see American policy, in which foreign and domestic issues are closely related, redirected. It is to be found in an odd combination of the poor and excluded along with the better-off and the better-educated. Such a combination supported Thomas Bradley in Los Angeles, and considering the circumstances that he was a Negro running in a city in which Negroes constitute only 18 per cent of the population, Bradley made a remarkably strong showing. Mayor Lindsay, the Liberal Party nominee, has announced that he will project a new city coalition party as a means of attracting and organizing independent and Democratic voters. He has a fine opportunity between now and November to put together, in the nation's largest city, the winning political coalition of the future.

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Perils of Pompidou

Paris

After the election of June 15, both the French and the foreign press followed in general the lead of the government information service and cited only the percentages for Pompidou's victory over Poher: 57.58 to 42.41. This gives an incomplete if not distorted picture, and the situation becomes clearer when one takes the total electoral percentages: Pompidou 37.17, Poher 27.37, abstention or blank vote 35.46 (an all-time high for French voters, brought about largely by Communist and other Left persuasion). In other words, Pompidou attracted only a little more than one-third of the electorate. He comes into the Presidency with substantially less backing than de Gaulle had in 1965 when his popularity was on the wane and when he ran against Mitterand, a far better opposition candidate.

In addition to the handicap of this meager support, Pompidou possesses none of de Gaulle's personal or historical stature; he is just an ordinary, if clever, politician. Yet his followers expect from him the same sort of results they had become accustomed to from their retired wizard. The problems which Pompidou will face have nothing to do in the immediate future with Parliamentary opposition—for the next four years the Gaullists will enjoy an overwhelming majority in the Chamber of Deputies and this may even make Pompidou's task seem deceptively easy.

The real difficulties will come, first, from the pressure of economic facts. De Gaulle was shaken by the December money crisis, but was able for a time to evade the problems implicit in the noncompetitive position of French industry and agriculture and in the overvaluation of the franc as compared with the mark. Now these realities are coming home with a vengeance: if the franc is devalued, Pompidou must admit ten years of mismanagement by de Gaulle and particularly by himself; if it is not devalued, the economic crisis may quickly become acute. In addition, more labor unrest can be expected soon. The wage gains of last May have already been eaten up by price rises; disappointment with the election and Parliamentary action has now encouraged even the "orderly" Communist Party to envisage direct action, strikes and demonstrations for the autumn. Many think that Pompidou's reaction will be a quick resort to force.

However, the new President's greater problem will come from his own side—Gaullism without de Gaulle is a motley coalition. There is little in common between the traditional pro-Western capitalist attitudes of Valery Giscard d'Estaing, the probable foreign minister, or Antoine Pinay, the probable finance minister, and the left-wing Gaullism of René Capitant and Louis Vallon, fathers of de Gaulle's "participation" and devoted to neutralism. Pompidou is closely linked to French business, which will also exert pressure on both foreign and internal policy. Everywhere there will be an upsurge of greediness; one prominent Gaullist glutton said recently, "With de Gaulle you had to take care; now under Georges the time has come for the big grab."

But Pompidou's nastiest headache will almost certainly be de Gaulle himself. The old man is not dead, nor did his trip to Ireland demonstrate his sensitive regard for democratic process; he has used his blackmailing power in other circumstances with ruthless disregard for democracy. His absence from France before the election meant only that Pompidou was on his own. Now de Gaulle is back and has decided to rent a four-room office in Paris, to which he will commute from Colombey. This means that he has more on his mind than writing his memoirs. It is entirely predictable that a continuous stream of complaining pilgrims will make their way to his door, and Pompidou will be in constant fear of off-the-record disavowals intentionally leaked. Hubert Beuve-Méry, publisher of *Le Monde* and an authority on de Gaulle, thinks the old man counts on grave trouble to bring him back into power. That is possibly an extreme supposition, but one may expect from de Gaulle what might be called "active fence-sitting." Pompidou has stepped into de Gaulle's shoes, and the problem is not only that they are slightly large but that the old man's feet are still inside them.

CLAUDE BOURDET

Selling ABM the Hard Way

The June 13 *New York Times* carried a full-page ad of "Citizens Committee for Peace with Security," blazoning the surprising information that "84 per cent of all Americans support an ABM system." An opponent of ABM deployment remarked, "I didn't think you could get 84 per cent of all Americans to agree on the merits of apple pie." Nor did the poll, conducted by Opinion Research Corporation, arrive at figures anywhere near those reported by Gallup who found 60 per cent still undecided, Harris, with 47 per cent in favor, 26 per cent opposed and 27 per cent with no opinion, and other indecisive samplings. The salesmanship of the ad, however, left no doubt. Overwhelming public support for the ABM, it was asserted, was being "obscured by the clamor of a minority. . . . The real voice of America is not being heard! . . . Become an active member of the 84 per cent majority." Two "vital" points were emphasized—the Safeguard program will contribute significantly to the deterrence of nuclear war, and to "meaningful" arms control talks with the USSR.

The ad was signed by William J. Casey as chairman of the "organizing committee." At a press conference, Casey descibed the organization as "a nonpartisan group of supporters of President Nixon's Safeguard ABM program." Robert Walters of the Washington *Star* did some probing on this claim and reported that the telephone number listed in the CCPS press release was that of the Washington office of Casey's law firm, Scribner, Hall & Casey, Leonard W. Hall being former chairman of the Republican National Committee, while

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Fred C. Scribner, Jr., is at present general counsel to the same committee. Opinion Research Corporation did virtually all the political polling for the Nixon campaign last year, and for Barry Goldwater in 1964.

Walters quoted Casey as denying that CCPS had any connection with the White House; this disclaimer was repeated by Harry O'Neill, research director for Opinion Research Corporation. They seem to have overlooked the fact that efforts to secure members for the committee and public relations counsel for the press conference were initiated by Col. Charles West, a former military officer currently serving as a "consultant" on the White House staff and working out of the Executive Office Building.

The nonpartisan claim was equally unsubstantial. The roster of prominent members reads like a list of the big contributors to the Nixon campaign and long-time supporters of Mr. Nixon on his hard road to the Presidency. For instance: Thomas W. Evans, a partner in the law firm with which Mr. Nixon was associated until his election last year, and both general counsel for the Nixon campaign and national director of Citizens for Nixon; Richard M. Schaife, a member of the Mellon family; Elmer H. Bobst, honorary board chairman of Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company; Donald M. Kendall, president of PepsiCo Inc.; W. Clement Stone, the Chicago insurance man who, according to Walters, has boasted that he contributed $200,000 to Nixon's campaign; George Champion, board chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank; Carl M. Loeb, Jr., the New York investment banker; former Sen. John W. Bricker; Neil McElroy, Defense Secretary in the Eisenhower administration; Gen. Lucius Clay, currently chairman of the Republican National Finance Committee.

Almost the only prominent Democrat on the committee is John A. McCone, director of the Central Intelligence Agency from 1961 to 1965. In all fairness, however, if the members listed in small print are included, the membership constitutes a sort of political conglomerate. Printed there are the names of Orson Bean, Roy Campanella, Lionel Hampton, Guy Lombardo, Robert Moses, Ken Murray, Murray the K, Spyros P. Skouras and, for still more glamour, Hildegarde. Presumably all have written to their Congressmen on the ABM, and are now studying the "informative" literature offered by the "nonpartisan" committee.

ABM and MIRV

In the nature of things, those who essay to stem the militarization of a great nation are going to have their hands full. What are the priorities to be? Vietnam of course is the first, and at the present reluctant pace of the Nixon Administration will remain so for an unpredictable period, after which it is likely to be succeeded by further conflict in Southeast Asia, even if in a less bloody form. Then there are the ABM, billed as "defensive," and MIRV (multiple independently targetable re-entry vehicles) which, even with the utmost straining, can hardly be squeezed into the defensive category.

ABM has been getting most of the attention, and some of its foremost opponents fear that attacking the multiple warhead systems would be a distraction. Actually, however, the latter are even more pregnant with mischief than the former. The "one-thing-at-a-time" philosophy just isn't applicable in this situation, marked by the interaction of spuriously defensive weapons systems and openly offensive ones.

This view has now been assumed by Rep. John B. Anderson of Illinois, chairman of the House Republican Conference and third-ranking leader of Republicans in the House. The time has come, Mr. Anderson said in a speech he delivered on June 15, and which was evidently directed at the White House, "to call a halt to this insane nuclear version of keeping up with the Joneses." In the Senate, Clifford P. Case, like Representative Anderson a Republican, has introduced a resolution calling on the President to take the initiative in suspending test flights of multiple warheads and to suspend such tests as long as the Soviet Union does the same. Sen. Edward W. Brooke of Massachusetts, likewise a Republican, has introduced a resolution to the same general effect. Under the Brooke resolution, which has the co-sponsorship of more than twenty Republicans and Democrats, the President would propose to the Soviet Union a joint moratorium on testing of multiple warheads.

What underlies the Anderson, Case and Brooke moves is the fear that once operational MIRVs are deployed, an arms-control agreement will be virtually impossible. That is also the view of Sen. John Sherman Cooper. With the multiple warheads hidden away in their silos, it will be impossible for either side to know how many of them the other has at its disposal—short, that is, of on-site inspection, which neither is likely to permit. Senator Fulbright feels that the present emphasis should be on killing ABM, but it would seem that unless some of the steam is simultaneously taken out of the Pentagon's MIRV drive, little will have been gained.

One reason for this conclusion is that the technical problems of MIRV appear to be more readily solvable than those of ABM. It seems to be capable of multiplying the number of deliverable nuclear warheads in the world by a factor of five to ten. On this reasoning, a victory for the forces opposing the ABM would, by itself, be pyrrhic. It would only come back again as an ostensible defense against these myriads of multiple warheads. Unless the President can be persuaded, or pressured, to negotiate with the Soviets on both weapons systems, the long-term outlook is bad.

Dangerous at Any Price

After more than a year of on-again, off-again haggling, the United States has negotiated an agreement extending the military bases accord with Spain until September 26, 1970. In return we shall sell Spain $50

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million worth of military equipment, which will be financed by an Export-Import Bank loan.

At the outset, Franco insisted on $1 billion in loans and equipment (or close to it) and a long-term lease; in the end he settled for a relative pittance. If Senate criticism of the bases agreement had not kept the pressure on the State Department and the Pentagon, particularly the latter, Franco's initial demands might well have been granted.

Even so it would have been better if the agreement, which had actually expired, had not been extended. The ink was scarcely dry on the new agreement when the State Department was forced to concede that United States forces in Spain had conducted joint maneuvers with Franco's military to simulate putting down a hypothetical rebellion against the regime. Officials announced that a review is under way to prohibit such practices in the future. But the statement does not clarify the extent of our commitments to Spain. We do not have a mutual security pact with Spain, but joint maneuvers suggest that an unacknowledged commitment to defend the regime does in fact exist. If not, what were the maneuvers—an exercise in physical fitness, a demonstration of solidarity, or what?

Still in Business with the Lord

Dr. Billy Graham, who communes spiritually with the President at private services in the White House every Sunday, is back in Sin City, after saving it in 1957. New York, although somewhat resistant to evangelists, is saved periodically—Charles Grandison Finney in 1832, Dwight L. Moody in 1876, Billy Sunday in 1917, and here is Dr. Graham in a brief repeat performance —only ten days as compared with six weeks for the 1957 crusade. Billy Sunday preached for ten weeks in a specially constructed wooden tabernacle. The later Billy has Madison Square Garden at his disposal.

W. G. McLoughlin, Jr., wrote about Graham in *The Nation* of May 11, 1957, and followed it up in 1960 with a book-length study. His finding was that neither Graham nor his predecessors made "any noticeable or lasting impression upon either the moral or religious life of the city," but since all the revivals were (and are) backed by wealthy laymen and leading Protestant clergymen, none was exactly a failure either. The present performance is apparently in the same class. A story in the June 15 *New York Times* was based on a spot check of fifty ministers serving both fundamentalist churches sympathetic to Mr. Graham and liberal churches which do not go in for his brand of theology nor for revivalism in general. All except two of the ministers responding reported no perceptible rise in membership that could be attributed to the 1957 crusade, but many politely referred to it as a "good show" and a "booster shot" for those already committed. The converts, in short—are those previously converted, regular churchgoers, or transients who stand up for Jesus but sit down thereafter.

Politically, evangelists tend to be reactionary, and Graham is no exception. Nothing he has done or said could commend him to the National Council of Churches, nor it to him. He is an out-and-out hawk on Vietnam. In the heyday of Sen. Joe McCarthy Graham thanked God for "men who, in the face of public denouncement and ridicule, go loyally on in their work of exposing the pinks, the lavenders and the reds." In this respect the President and the preacher are twin souls; if Mr. Nixon requires saving, Mr. Graham can do that for him very comfortably.

SPACE IS NOT BLACK

JACK ROBERTSON
Mr. Robertson is senior science reporter for the Fairchild Publications, specializing in military and space coverage. He is a contributor to Where Do We Go From the Moon? *a book exploring post-Apollo space goals (Fairchild).*

Washington

"I'm pushing space as hard as I can, but I seem to be the only one here who cares," moaned an inner-city junior high schoolteacher. "What do you mean 'who cares'!" snapped a colleague. "Every time one of those things blasts off I can't think of anything except all that money we need here on earth."

The Rev. David Eaton, pastor of Washington, D.C.'s largest inner-city Unitarian church, spoke as follows to a white suburban audience filled with space and electronics experts: "The $23 billion we've spent going to the moon has stolen money the black man needs for job retraining and schools." Lamont Johnson of Baltimore, a chief marshal at last year's Resurrection City, summed it up: "There just ain't nothin' in it for us." In a time when NASA needs all the support it can get, both poor and well-situated Negroes are voting "no confidence."

This black view of space is becoming more apparent. During the Apollo 10 moon orbit, a civil rights group picketed the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston, demanding that money be switched from bases on the moon to housing on the earth. The *Afro-American* continues its wry comments about a country that can send men to the moon but cannot find jobs at home for its black population.

Even white political leaders are picking up the theme. Sen. Edward Kennedy has urged in several campus speeches that space money be diverted to pressing domestic problems. Rep. William F. Ryan, from New York City's 20th District, put it more strongly: "For years

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we've been blindly rubber-stamping space programs and it's hurt the poor man two ways. First of all it's taken money away he's needed for better schools, housing, things like that. Worse yet, it hasn't given him anything in return in the way of a better job."

Those concerned with the unemployment and underemployment of Negroes are disillusioned with more than NASA. They are upset that the entire system spends millions on designs by white engineers, drawn up in buildings built by white contractors, where the offices are full of white secretaries. They say the problem of discrimination goes all the way from the electrical unions that install wiring for the computers to paper companies that supply everything from print-out forms to towels in the rest-room.

It is instructive to watch an Apollo launch on a black man's television set. The astronauts are white; the doctors interviewed are white; the engineers and contractors who describe the $135 million space capsule and the commentator who interviews them are white. For ten days white flight controllers and scientists tell how black is outer space while teen-agers in the living room snort. When the capsule finally splashes down, children make a game of trying to find a few black faces in the welcoming crew on the carrier deck.

The Air Force had a Negro astronaut—Maj. Robert H. Lawrence, Jr.—who was killed in an F-104 crash; few Negro children have ever heard of him. The principal of an adult education class observed: "Who cares if we once had 1.6 per cent of the astronauts? We have 99.9 per cent of the janitors."

Today there is not one Negro among NASA's fifty-three astronauts, or the Air Force's fourteen. Government officials say no qualified Negroes are availabe. Equal opportunity experts say that this is the result of Jim Crow schooling and the residual discrimination in the armed forces when it comes to selecting black men for commissions.

Of more concern to the Negro community, however, is the lack of black personnel in middle management and technical jobs. "Space was a wide open field when it started," William Beck, science teacher in a well-kept, suburban Negro community, points out. "Nobody knew anything. And look at the kinds of jobs that were created —communications, electronics, many of them not even for college graduates. Black kids could have learned just as well as white kids . . . but where are they?"

Negro computer programmers, technicians and engineers are lightly sprinkled throughout the operation, the ranking black employed in NASA being Bill Wallace, a deputy Apollo launch operations manager. Government officials say more Negroes would be used if more qualified applicants could be found. Civil rights groups respond with the survey made by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission in January 1968. At hearings in New York City they examined employment records of 100 major companies. Their targets had New York headquarters, were not "Southern firms"; many were major aerospace contractors. The average Negro employment rate was 2.6 per cent, heavily concentrated in lower-level jobs.

Testifying before the Ad Hoc Hearings on Discrimination in Employment, called by Congressman Ryan in December 1968, Herbert Hill, national labor director of the NAACP, called space discrimination part of a total Defense Department-federal government contract problem. "There has been equal opportunity legislation since Roosevelt's Executive Order No. 8802 in 1941. On March 6, 1961, President Kennedy issued a directive with clear contract cancellation terms written in. Yet there has never been one contract cancellation because of job discrimination . . . even when investigations have shown discrimination exists . . . and when discrimination has been proved in the courts."

New Statesman (London)

A Decent Place To Live? Man, You Aiming for the Moon

The rising anti-discrimination pressure has been felt by major space firms. After an Air Force review in 1964-65 IBM began a costly program to hunt out and hire black engineers and technicians. The company even prepared a dramatic series of four-color ads to tell the black community that IBM offered equal opportunity. The ads ran in *Time* and *Fortune* and were not seen by most black young people who were reading *Jet*.

The closest the Negro has come to the moon is Philadelphia's Project Aerospace. General Electric has set

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this up in cooperation with the Rev. Leon Sullivan's total job training program. Since many space jobs require manual dexterity, not faultless grammar, ghetto men and women have been most successfully trained for jobs at GE's Valley Forge facility. The GE men who went with the project call the ghetto workers reliable, less prone to turnover, some of the best on the line.

The breakthrough is late, however. John Glenn got into orbit in 1962; NASA's effort to develop minority talent is still being tested on the launch pad. It is a question whether they can get it off the ground before Congress and the people at large join the well-dressed Negro woman whose sign read: "Bring our tax dollar down to earth. We need it here."

THE 'FAILING' NEWSPAPER PROBE

THE PRESS DUMMIES UP

ARTHUR E. ROWSE

Mr. Rowse publishes a newsletter from Washington and writes a syndicated column on consumer matters. He is the author of Slanted News *and is preparing a new book on the news media.*

Washington

The daily press, the business with the most privileges of any in this country, is about to get one more after nearly two years of Congressional hearings and lobbying notable for both their newsworthiness and scarcity of mention in the news media. The new privilege will be special immunity from antitrust prosecution for separately owned newspapers that have joint operating arrangements, a sort of halfway house between competition and monopoly of local papers. Such immunity would be granted by a bill entitled "The Newspaper Preservation Act," the successor to one called "The Failing Newspaper Act," which was talked to death in the previous Congress. The pressure that has pushed this little-known bill ahead of countless more important measures in the past few months is silent tribute to the power of big publishers to get almost anything they want from publicity-hungry politicians.

The ostensible purpose of the revived measure is laudable enough. It is to preserve "the historic independence of the newspaper press in all parts of the United States" by allowing two or more newspapers, one of which may be failing, to enter into joint operating agreements without risk of antitrust prosecution. Proponents of the bill contend that it would slow the relentless march of local press monopolies that now grip 97 per cent of all cities having daily papers. Opponents say that preserving morning and afternoon papers under the same roof can be worse than letting one die or be sold, because it is more difficult to establish and maintain competition against an all-day combination than against one paper.

But despite twenty-three days of hearings, the final one on June 13, and more than 2 million words of testimony and exhibits, solid evidence has been noticeably lacking on both sides. With one possible exception, none of the newspapers interested in the proposal has provided financial data to prove that any newspaper was failing before it entered a joint operating arrangement. And no formal study was undertaken or presented to prove or disprove the contention that news and editorial operations in such arrangements are in fact any better for the public than they would be under one ownership. The members and staff of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, which has conducted the hearings, have scrupulously avoided stumbling into the political thicket of news policies for fear of being accused of transgressing the First Amendment of the Constitution. News and editorial matters are inextricably intertwined with economic matters, but the questioning of witnesses has been aimed only at the latter.

The line-up of powers for and against the bill tells much of the story. Chief backers of the measure have been the American Newspaper Publishers Association and the big chains of Scripps-Howard, Hearst, Newhouse, Knight, Block and Cox, each of which has at least one paper involved in a joint operating agreement. Principal opponents have been the Justice Department, Federal Trade Commission and the National Newspaper Association, a group of weeklies and small dailies.

Joint operating agreements involve forty-eight newspapers in twenty-four cities with a total population of 14.5 million. They include Albuquerque, N. Mex.; Birmingham, Ala.; Bristol, Tenn.-Va.; Charleston, W.Va.; Columbus, Ohio; El Paso, Tex.; Evansville, Ind.; Fort Wayne, Ind.; Knoxville, Tenn.; Honolulu, Hawaii; Lincoln, Neb.; Lynchburg, Va.; Madison, Wis.; Miami, Fla.; Nashville, Tenn.; Oil City-Franklin, Pa.; St. Louis, Mo.; Salt Lake City, Utah; San Francisco, Calif.; Spokane, Wash.; Shreveport, La.; Tucson, Ariz., and Tulsa, Okla. Some fourteen cities of the remaining thirty-eight with separate dailies are reported to be on the verge of such mergers.

Scripps-Howard, the third largest chain in total daily and Sunday circulation, has six papers involved in joint operations, and Hearst, the fourth largest, has two. In most cases, these papers have joint advertising, circulation, production and business departments plus a profit-sharing arrangement. In St. Louis, the joint agreement includes only printing and profits, a situation revealed first by a staff investigator at the final hearing last

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year. All the papers insist that their news and editorial departments are separate and vigorously competitive.

But few of the papers bothered to obtain approval of the Justice Department before entering into such arrangements. In fact, few details were publicly known about them until the Justice Department stepped into Tucson with an antitrust suit aimed to break up the agreement there between the *Citizen* and *Arizona Star*. The Tucson arrangement, third oldest of its type, dates back to 1940. In January 1965, William A. Small, Jr., owner of the *Citizen*, exercised an option to buy the *Star* in order to block its sale to the Brush-Moore chain. The Justice Department, which had sat by for almost three decades while the joint operating schemes spread from city to city, filed suit the same month to prevent Small from taking over both papers and force him to break up the joint operation of their advertising and circulation departments, as well as the pooling of profits.

Specifically, Small and the papers were charged with violating the Sherman Act by combining to restrain interstate trade and conspiring to monopolize interstate trade through the joint operating agreement. Small and his wholly owned Arden Corporation, which was set up for the purpose of buying the *Star*, were also charged with violating the Clayton Act, which forbids one corporation to acquire another when the effect would be "substantially to lessen competition." The suit did not state any objections to the combination of printing facilities, nor have Justice Department officials since then said anything to indicate that joint production agreements violate any antitrust laws.

But Small, feeling that he had been singled out unfairly for a test case, laid plans to fight the suit both in the courts and legislative halls of Congress. He lost the first round in U.S. District Court when Judge James A. Walsh found that the joint agreements violated the Sherman Act. The judge also found that the acquisition of the *Star* by Small violated the Clayton Act. He thereupon directed Small to divest himself of the *Star* within ninety days and modify the operating agreements "so as to eliminate price fixing, market allocations and profit pooling." Judge Walsh's decision was upheld on each point by the Supreme Court last March 10.

But the battle for special legislative immunity from such prosecution continues. If anything, the speed has picked up since the Supreme Court decision because of the deadline it imposed on Small. The court directed him to come up with a plan for divestiture of the *Star* and modification of the joint operating agreements by July 3. As a result, hearings that were originally planned for late summer or early fall by subcommittee chairman Philip A. Hart were moved up to this month and limited to only three days. At a recent closed session of the subcommittee, Hart was outmaneuvered by Sen. Everett Dirksen when the latter asked for a vote on the bill. Realizing that he did not have the votes to block subcommittee approval at that point, Hart asked for hearings of at least a few days. But the only effect of that postponement may be to delay progress of the bill by a few weeks. With more than thirty Senators already signed up as co-sponsors, the bill is expected to sail through that body in short order. The only possibility of trouble exists in the House where some 100 Congressmen have already indicated their support. The key man there, Chairman Emanuel Celler of the Judiciary Committee, has said he will not seek to delay or block progress of the bill. His antitrust subcommittee held a few perfunctory hearings last year, but may approve it this year without hearings.

From the beginning, this bill has had the support of key legislators. Arizona's venerable Carl Hayden, former president pro tempore of the Senate, introduced the original bill in March 1967, almost a full year before Judge Walsh's District Court decision. Hayden, whose state includes the Tucson papers, was joined by fourteen other Senators, most of whom also came from states with similar joint newspaper operations. The man who has spent more time on the legislation than any other Senator except Hart is Hiram L. Fong, the millionaire businessman from Hawaii where the two largest Honolulu papers have such an agreement. Fong has participated in nearly every hearing, arguing strongly for the bill. "We're trying to save a failing newspaper," he said at the recent hearings, "so we can have a diversity of opinion in the community."

But the most important reason for the improved prospects for the bill is the new role of Senator Dirksen of Illinois, where no newspapers would be directly affected by the measure. Only last fall, the oily voiced champion of special interests stood opposed to S. 1312, perhaps largely because of strong opposition voiced by publishers of two large and powerful suburban newspaper chains around Chicago. His vote in the subcommittee was enough to keep the bill bottled up with hearings until the last days of the session when the subcommittee finally approved it. By then, however, it was too late for it to get further.

Since the first of this year, however, Dirksen has been pushing the bill. And he has been questioning witnesses with a vigor he has rarely exerted in recent years. What happened during this time to change his mind? First, he was re-elected and apparently no longer needs the friendship of weekly publishers. Second, he has begun making more than $12,000 a year on a once-a-week syndicated column that now runs in about sixty papers, including many vitally interested in passage of the controversial bill. Dirksen not only has taken the leadership in the questioning of witnesses—staying through more hours of testimony than he had done in years—but he has also offered several amendments designed to make the legislation more palatable than it has been to date.

One of his amendments attempts to clarify what is meant by a "failing" newspaper that would qualify for antitrust immunity. The bill defines a failing paper as one that "appears unlikely to remain or become a financially sound publication." He would add: "or is in danger of probable failure." His wording, which he contended was "no broader nor vaguer" than the language of the antitrust laws, is designed to qualify the Tucson *Citizen*, among others, as a "failing" paper, despite Judge Walsh's

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finding that Small's father in the year before the agreement was "prepared to finance the losses . . . for some little time thereafter."

Dirksen's second amendment would act like a grandfather clause, validating any joint agreement in effect prior to enactment of the bill. It would also require advance approval by the Attorney General of any new agreement. This language, he explained, "is designed to offer a means of protection to the small suburban and weekly newspapers, and to newspaper employees and their unions, while preserving the separate editorial voices now flourishing in the twenty-two cities with joint operating arrangements."

Amended or not, the bill has been the subject of some of the most intensive lobbying ever seen on Capitol Hill. It is not often that newspaper editors and publishers travel to Washington to twist arms on any matter before Congress. In most cases, their editorial pages—and sometimes their news columns—are enough to get results. But newspaper executives and even some reporters have been reported actively lobbying for this bill.

Among the newspaper men who have been seen buttonholing key legislators on Capitol Hill and in other sections of Washington have been John Siegenthaler, editor and vice president of the *Nashville Tennessean*; George Chaplin, editor and vice president of the *Honolulu Advertiser*; Charles Thierot, editor and publisher of the *San Francisco Chronicle* and Joseph Ridder, publisher of the *San Jose Mercury*. In addition, Hearst and Scripps-Howard executives from around the country have written letters and otherwise approached legislators on behalf of the bill. These contacts, plus occasional editorial pleas, have had a powerful effect. Like members of a private club, editors of many papers have been rallying to the cause of a few, often regardless of whether they themselves may be affected. Not since the press crusades of earlier decades against the Child Labor Act, National Recovery Act (NRA), Social Security Act and other pieces of progressive legislation has so much journalistic pressure been applied on Congress. And rarely has such a blatant grab for special privilege by any group received so much attention on Capitol Hill—and so little attention in the nation's news media.

In plotting their campaign, newspaper executives apparently decided on two types of public deception to gain their ends. One has been to make the government's case against the Tucson papers appear to be an attack against joint printing facilities, despite the fact that neither the District Court nor the Supreme Court expressed any criticism of combined printing facilities. Successive antitrust chiefs in the Justice Department also have clearly indicated that such arrangements are within the law, since they do not involve price fixing, market allocation or profit pooling. The impression left by many news stories, editorials and letters from editors and publishers has been that the government seeks to eliminate any and all joint operating arrangements.

The other tactic has been to give the public as little information as possible about the whole issue, apparently for fear that public opinion might interfere with the course of the bill through Congress. In view of the sometimes scandalous and sensational information disclosed at the hearings, the printing of so little about them has required a conscious effort on numerous occasions. The result has been almost complete public ignorance of the controversy and of the enormous expense and energy going into it from journalistic and Congressional sources. The bill itself is still so vague that many politicians have been talked into endorsing it without understanding it. For such legislators, suddenly it's 1984 when success means failure, illegal actions are legal, the rich are the poor and news is not news.

Normally, the commercial aspects of a daily newspaper operation would not be considered a major public issue, but any time such a privileged institution as the press lobbies so intensely and so extensively for another privilege, it becomes a matter of public interest and concern.

For example, is it not news when the one institution that investigates all others is itself finally investigated by politicians who have more reason to fear the press than anyone else? Is it not news when some of the most powerful publishers in the nation seek legislative immunity from the antitrust laws for commercial operations that are essentially no different than those of other businesses? And is it not news when all this is asked in the name of "preserving" editorial freedom?

To be sure, the hearings have received some coverage. The major wire services have occasionally sent routine reports about the testimony, particularly when there has been a local angle for a particular paper. But almost all the stories have been brief and superficial, with roundup and think pieces almost nonexistent. The only newspaper to provide regular and sizable accounts of the hearings and the lobbying has been *The Washington Post*.

For most of the nation, the coverage has been extremely sporadic and brief, if indeed some areas have received any reports at all. The area of Tucson, where the whole thing started, is a striking example. The city and its newspapers were mentioned frequently in the seven-volume, 3,462-page hearing record, and much of the testimony has had a direct bearing on the Tucson situation. Yet according to Tucson's Mayor James N. Corbett, there has been "not one word in the papers about this bill. The papers have not found these hearings newsworthy." He told Senate investigators recently that the publishers "don't want to let people know they are asking special relief from Congress." Before he left Tucson to testify against the bill, he said, he was interviewed by all the local news media there. But, according to him, "not one word appeared in the papers," though radio and television carried reports.

Corbett disputed Small's claim that there have been divergent editorial voices in Tucson. He said both papers had opposed nearly every phase of a drive to attract

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more industry to the area, had effectively killed an urban renewal project and had consistently seen their political candidates and points of view rejected by the voters in local elections. On the other hand, Small had testified earlier that his papers had won the Community Services Award of the Arizona Newspaper Association for ten out of thirteen years.

The most serious thing, said Corbett, is "the control of a man's mind." He said he less feared a single monopoly, for its bias is usually clear to all and there usually are checks and balances. But when one newspaper appears as two, "it strikes right at the heart of the basic rights of man." He said the two papers had a "stranglehold" on Tucson.

David J. Leonard, a Tucson attorney who testifed the same day, called the city "the best model" of what would happen in other cities if the bill were passed. Leonard has filed a class action for several merchants and the city of Tucson, seeking damages for overcharges for advertising in the two papers during the joint operation. He said passage of the bill would eliminate grounds for damages and thus remove a vested right guaranteed by the Constitution. For this reason, he called the bill unconstitutional.

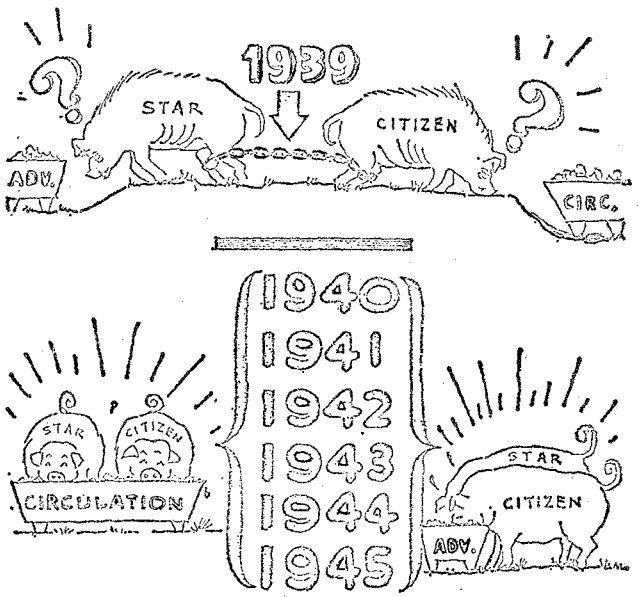
Accompanying Leonard was a department store owner, Louis Cohn, who said Tucson advertising rates were approximately twice those charged by monopoly papers in similar situations elsewhere in the country. His statement disputed an earlier statement by Small that Tucson's advertising rates were about average for U.S. dailies of similar size.

Leonard presented copies of one of the oddest documents ever seen in Washington. He referred to it as the "Pig Document" because of the cartoons with which the Tucson papers depict themselves as pigs. The exhibit, which was entered into the subcommittee record, was a "Presentation" by the Arizona *Star* to the Internal Revenue Service in 1946 to prove that "excessive excess profits" earned by the papers during World War II were not taxable because they were "not purely" due to the war boom but to the "elimination of competition," the very thing that the papers denied having done in the government case against them.

One page of the "Presentation" depicts the *Star* and *Citizen* as two pigs in 1939 tugging vainly in opposite directions but unable to reach the troughs of "advertising" and "circulation." A second drawing immediately below depicts the war period of 1940 to 1945 when the joint operating agreement was in effect: the pigs are growing fat at the troughs.

Despite the bizarre nature of this document, revealed in public for the first time, it was not apparently mentioned in any wire service report of the hearing that day. *The Washington Post* was apparently the only paper in the country to run a photograph.

Almost as sensational testimony had occurred the previous day with almost the same lack of interest by the news media. It concerned a television cameraman who had been a victim of spying in circumstances that recalled the experience of Ralph Nader with General Motors. Albert Kihn told the subcommittee that he began to be trailed by two-way radio-equipped cars seven days after writing a letter to the Federal Communications Commission accusing his employer, Station KRON-TV, with managing the news to suit the corporate interests of its parent, the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Kihn, who said he was tricked into quitting his job, said other radio-equipped cars parked for long periods outside his home. And he said his friends and former wife were questioned by mysterious investigators seeking personal information. Kihn said the detectives had been hired by



a law firm that does business with the *Chronicle*, a paper with a stake in the Newspaper Preservation Act.

Scripps-Howard's UPI wire service mentioned his damaging testimony, but buried it near the end of a long story, leading with far less sensational statements from Milwaukee's Mayor Henry W. Maier. However, the story omitted Maier's strong criticism of the Milwaukee *Journal* for alleged inadequacies in reporting local news.

Another witness that day, Bruce Brugman, publisher of the monthly *San Francisco Bay Guardian*, presented clippings of a story from his paper about the alleged spying. He said that only his paper and *Variety* had reported the news. He said he had personally handed the details to local managers of the two wire services and several radio stations, but that nobody used it or attempted to check it out. Both he and Kihn said after the hearing that they had told several radio and television stations in advance about their testimony, but none, including the *Chronicle*, even bothered to send a reporter or cameraman to the hearings. The *Chronicle* sent a lawyer to observe. Both Brugman and another witness, San Francisco lawyer Michael N. Khourie, testified that neither of the two major papers in that city had been reporting previous Senate sessions on the bill.

Brugman also told an incredible story about an alleged

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coin-minting operation in the *Chronicle* building two years ago, but never reported beyond the confines of his small periodical. According to the article presented by Brugman from his issue of August 10, 1967, *Chronicle* editor Scott Newhall developed a strange fascination that year for the tiny Caribbean island of Anguilla, 3,000 miles from San Francisco. At one point, said Brugman, Newhall had two copy boys spend a Sunday afternoon with a hydraulic press in the *Chronicle* building overstamping Peruvian and Mexican silver coins with the words, "Anguilla Liberty Dollar." Brugman printed a photograph of the coin in his paper. The plan, according to Brugman's account, which was never refuted, was for Newhall, a coin collector, to mint 10,000 to help shore up Anguilla's sagging economy. The coins costing about $1 each were to be sold to private collectors for as much as $10, with all profits going to the island of Anguilla. This is another remarkable story that has been completely ignored by the nation's news media (though a bank took a full-page ad in *The New York Times* to promote the scheme).

The press has gained a reputation for prying secrets out of nearly every corner of life; and selling the news to all who are willing to pay for it. But, as the Senate hearings have shown once again, the watchdog that watches everyone else is reluctant to tell secrets about itself. Apparently not even the power of Congress can expose the full story or slow the quest for still more privileges for the press.

CONSUMER BE DAMNED!

1. The Ma Bell Rental Agency

WILLIS PARK ROKES
Mr. Rokes is professor of government and business at the University of Nebraska at Omaha. Member of the Nebraska and Utah bars, he served as consultant to the Advisory Panel on Insurance in Riot-Affected Areas of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders.

For generations, the American public has been conditioned to the necessity of renting telephone appliances from the telephone monopoly. The unique rental arrangement stems from a questionable claim by AT&T that it must maintain ownership of telephone appliances to protect the quality and integrity of its services. This highly profitable arrangement is guaranteed by a legal device called a tariff—rules, usually submitted by a public utility, specifying rates and other regulations. When permitted by a regulatory agency, a tariff has the effect of law.

The tariff by which AT&T preserves the sanctity of its privileged preserve as exclusive owner and renter of telephone appliances reads as follows:

> 2.6.1 General Provisions—No equipment, apparatus, circuit or device not furnished by the Telephone Company shall be attached to or connected to the facilities furnished by the Telephone Company, whether physically, by induction or otherwise. . . . (2) In case any such unauthorized attachment or connection is made, the Telephone Company shall have the right to remove or disconnect the same; or to suspend the service during the continuance of said attachment or connection; or to terminate the service.

Filed with the Federal Communications Commission years ago, the tariff has had the sanction of law, though its terms have never been specifically accepted by the government regulator. By its failure to object to such tariff, however, the FCC has acquiesced in its application. As a result, the exclusive control of telephone appliances by AT&T has effectively discouraged competitors from marketing such equipment. Safe behind its tariff, AT&T has not had to recognize the economic principle of obsolescence.

Being thus free of market competition and unhampered by effective government regulation, the telephone monopoly has been able to introduce innovations according to its own phlegmatic timetable. That it has not felt any urgency to introduce innovations is amply demonstrated by the ossified state of technology in home telephone appliances.

To give an appearance of initiative, however, AT&T has spent millions of dollars of ratepayers' money advertising lateral developments in telephone appliances—such as the Princess telephone, color phones, the Trimline, extension phones, the Touch-Tone and other travesties on the word "innovation." These pseudo-advances are announced with great fanfare and then advertised for many years before they become available (always at a handsome extra rental fee and installation charge).

The most glaring example of non-introduced innovation is the Picturephone. Although AT&T has claimed in its advertising that "Picturephone service actually began in 1927" (see ad in *U.S. News & World Report*, May 22, 1967), the American public has had little opportunity to view this wondrous innovation except at world fairs. Periodically, however, the phone company announces that service is imminent. In 1969 we are assured that AT&T intends to promote the system commercially within the next two years (*Wall Street Journal*, March 12). The same imminence of service was advertised in 1965

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when AT&T announced Picturephone service linking New York, Washington and Chicago.

The Picturephone was in use in Germany from 1935 to 1938, providing service between Berlin, Nuremberg and Hamburg. The service was interrupted by World War II. As early as 1965 AT&T itself reported successful trials of two-way Picturephone attachments that swap electrical snapshots every two seconds from coast to coast through standard telephone circuits. Using a small TV camera and a diminutive TV picture tube, Picturephone can be installed in the home merely by adding an extra line. Installation of extra lines is standard procedure with AT&T now, but only to encourage customers to *rent* "teenager phones." AT&T, meanwhile, breathlessly informs us of imminent Picturephone service from time to time to keep up our great expectations. Not everyone would want Picturephone if it *were* available. The point here is that they are not given the opportunity.

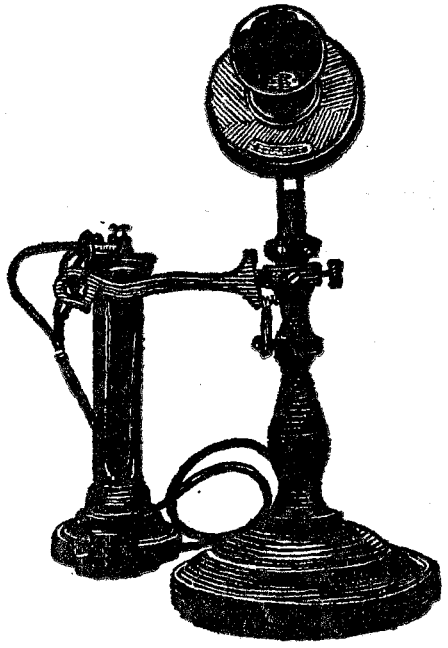
Telephone innovation has been retarded by a combination of factors. A most notable one is the calcification of AT&T's practical philosophy, which assumes that old-fashioned parsimony is an admirable trait and that every piece of installed equipment ought to be good for at least forty years. This conviction is promoted by the company's advertising in its extravagant, multicolored house organs. *Northwestern Bell Magazine* (May 1968), as an example, presents The Diehard, a telephone handset so dependable that "some have gone three or four decades without needing repair." This refusal to recognize the concept of obsolescence saddles the home owner with horse and buggy telephone technology.

In another affirmation of its lethargic pace of innovation in residential telephones, AT&T took a magnificent two-page multicolor ad four years ago to illustrate the progress of the handset. In it we were told that between 1937 and 1949, a period of supposedly vigorous experimentation, the company managed to come up with a revolutionary contribution to telephone technology—an adjustable volume control for the bell was placed in the base of the phone. Other developments in the past fifty years have been color telephones (a claim that this is significant innovation is patently absurd), wall telephones (a wall phone was in use in 1878) and the Princess telephone ("It's little, it's lovely, it lights. . . ."). The Touch-Tone telephone was introduced as "heralding a new era in communications; the dial is replaced by pushbuttons." (A pushbutton telephone was in use in LaPorte, Ind., in 1892.)

Probably the most important factor responsible for the snaillike pace of telephone innovation is public attitude. AT&T has long been unchallenged by a placid and uninformed public, whose expectations have been conditioned by massive public relations made possible by the Bell System's unlimited and unregulated contributions to charity, the dues it pays to keep its executives active in every conceivable social, economic and political group in the country, the huge sums it spends for lobbying and for advertising in all the media of the nation. (For an example of advertising extravagance, *Fortune* magazine of March 1958 carried not one but three AT&T ads, paid for by the telephone customer.)

A corollary of public attitude is ineffective state or federal regulation, which assures that no pressure will be exerted on the telephone monopoly to introduce innovation on a lively timetable. The public's traditional antipathy toward any governmental activity combines with the bias created when only one side of a story is presented. Through unremitting media propaganda, AT&T hammers home its "governmental interference with free enterprise" theme, and an unthinking public accepts it, apparently forgetting that free enterprise contemplates a competitive market. The public thus finances the molding of its own thinking.

In 1965 an unusual California case (*Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company* v. *Public Utilities Commission of the State of California*) brought to light the routine practice of using the telephone customers' money to mold public attitudes, to discourage litigation by dissenters, and to force through the state and federal regulatory agencies favorable rulings on rates, tariffs and other matters. The California Supreme Court ordered Bell to reduce its intrastate rate of return and rates and to refund to California ratepayers $80 million, representing overcharges collected in that state between 1962 and 1965. Although most of this sum was attributed to excessive executive salaries, "excessive and unreasonable payments" between Pacific, Western Electric and AT&T, as well as a grossly inflated rate base, a huge amount of it was for dues, donations, contributions and lobbying expenditures charged off as business expense and passed on to ratepayers. The court ruled that spending ratepayers' money on these items in order to mold public opinion was plainly unwarranted and unlawful.



Several developments in recent years, however, may in the end break AT&T's stranglehold on the pace

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of innovation. Starting about 1952, the company began to face a most formidable opponent—the fashion-conscious housewife who was shopping on the "telephone gray market" for instruments to blend with her newly done Louis XIV bedroom or early American kitchen. It seemed to matter little that installation of the bootleg phones violated the law. AT&T backed away from clashing with the American housewife and beginning in October of 1965 agreed to install any kind of off-beat phone a customer wanted.

Nevertheless, as has always been the case, the monopoly emerged triumphant. Although it had lost a battle, it had won the war. All telephones not owned by AT&T are subject to a stiff installation fee and must be equipped with internal parts furnished by AT&T. This requirement has been forced upon the American public by Bell's false assertion that its control of the internal parts is necessary to insure that the decorator phones are compatible with the system. The dubiousness of this claim is made manifest by a statement from Ben Jamil, a dealer in antique and decorator telephones (cited in J. C. Goulden's book, *Monopoly*). Jamil, who was at one time selling 10,000 non-Bell handsets a month and whom AT&T attempted to put out of business in 1962, first by an unsuccessful purchase bid and then by a lawsuit, stated:

> There's no great mystery about the telephone. All of those used in the world are completely compatible—whether they are in Moscow or Bangkok or Paris or Buenos Aires. They have to be; otherwise, how could you have international long-distance service?

The non-Bell equipment issue came to a head when the Doctors General Hospital in San Jose, Calif., decided to install Ericofon handsets throughout the hospital for patients' use. The Ericofon is a one-piece Swedish instrument manufactured by North Electric Company of Galion, Ohio. When Bell refused to hook up the Ericofons, the hospital petitioned the California Public Utilities Commission to force Bell to give Ericofon service. In a 3-to-2 decision, the commission decided that Ericofon produced a superior handset to that of Western Electric and ruled in favor of the hospital. This significant exception to telephone company mandate has received little notice in the nation's press, although it was the deciding factor in AT&T's October 1965 policy change to permit customer use of non-Western Electric handset shells.

The next threat to AT&T's domination of telephone appliances came when a Texas company, Carter Electronics Corporation, a tiny concern in Dallas with just five employees, challenged the validity of the tariff. Between 1959 and 1966, Carter had sold some 3,500 Carterfones to such customers as Standard Oil Company of California and Shell Oil Company. The Carterfone is a device which, although partly acoustical, also uses electrical induction to connect a private radio system to the public phone system. Concerned by the threat to their monopoly position on telephone appliances, AT&T and General Telephone and Electronics Corporation (operator of the nation's second biggest phone system) invoked the restrictive tariff and blocked Carter from marketing its devices. Then Carter went out of business in January of 1966. However, the company's president, Thomas F. Carter, instituted a private antitrust suit in federal court against AT&T and against General Telephone, challenging the lawfulness of the tariff and seeking to recover $1,375,000 in alleged damages. The federal court referred the regulatory issues of the case to the FCC, while retaining jurisdiction over the damage suit, which the telephone monopoly will drag out in the courts for years to come.

When the regulatory matter reached the FCC, one of its examiners ruled that the Carterfone was not harmful to the public system, and ordered the telephone companies to amend their tariffs to permit its future use. The telephone monopoly resisted the order, and the case was heard by the commission in the summer of 1968. Ruling 6 to 0 in favor of Carter Electronics, the commission declared that

> the tariff has been unreasonable, discriminatory, and unlawful in the past, and that the provisions prohibiting the use of customer-provided interconnecting devices should accordingly be stricken.

The FCC declared further:

> The present unlawfulness of the tariff also permeates its past. . . . Furthermore, the tariff was the carrier's own. It was not prescribed by the Commission. . . . Paragraphs 2.6.1 and 2.6.9 are, and have since their inception, been unreasonable, unlawful, and unreasonably discriminatory under sections 201 (b) and 202 (a) of the Communications Act of 1934, as amended.

It appeared from the language of the Carterfone decision that the telephone monopoly would be barred from prohibiting future use of customer-owned telephone appliances which didn't impair the operation of the telephone system. The commission ordered AT&T and General Telephone to file a new tariff in compliance with the FCC order by November 1, 1968. Under extreme pressure by the monopoly, the commission delayed the effective date to January 1, 1969. The company proceeded to give wide publicity to its own interpretation of the order in an effort to render impotent this landmark decision. AT&T arrogantly announced that restrictions on ownership of equipment by residential telephone customers would not be changed. It stated that it would permit use of customer-owned acoustic or inductive devices, like the Carterfone, to connect private radio-telephone systems to the public telephone network; but customer-owned devices to connect communications other than radio-telephone systems would still be banned. AT&T's unilateral decision to ignore the order of the regulatory agency is typical of its overbearing manner.

New tariffs and supporting papers embodying the changes and continued restrictions, in violation of the Carterfone order, were submitted by AT&T and, surprisingly, adopted by the FCC on December 24, 1968. The FCC order indicated, however, that "We will permit the tariff revisions to become effective as scheduled with the understanding that in doing so we are not giving any specific approval to the revised tariffs." The rationale behind this bewildering example of contradictory semantic legerdemain may escape the reader.

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Commissioner Nicholas Johnson objected vigorously to the emasculation of the Carterfone decision brought about by the commission's majority decision. He stated that the Carterfone opinion

> was heralded as a commendable effort to open up competition in the communications business. As experienced reformers have long since discovered, however, the political victories that are won after long struggles under the light of public scrutiny can be very quickly lost in the dark back rooms of practical implementation. The new legislation or agency decision is praised and then forgotten. And when—if ever—anyone goes back to see how it all worked out he finds the situation very little changed from before. The swampwaters have returned to their former level.

Mr. Johnson believed the commission majority was wrong in permitting a continuation of the tariff block to customer-provided devices. He was particularly critical of the commission majority permission that all subsequent proceedings on the matter be conducted "off the record." Despite the fact that the newly approved tariffs are opposed by the Department of Justice, by potential competitors (such as International Telephone and Telegraph) and by virtually every other party interested in the matter, differences are to be resolved in "informal," secret, closed-door sessions.

The new tariffs filed by AT&T are clearly as unlawful as their predecessors. They violate the spirit of the Carterphone decision. Further, it is highly questionable practice for the FCC to bar interested parties from the hearings. Whether AT&T is to remain the sole provider of all telephone appliances (through its wholly owned, unregulated manufacturing subsidiary, Western Electric) is a serious matter on which the ordinary person will apparently have no effective voice, and of which, indeed, he is likely to be totally unaware.

The American family, long made docile by the unsupported claim that "America has the best telephone service in the world," should demand the right to own its own telephone appliances, as it owns appliances serviced by any other utility. Further, telephone customers should object to AT&T's huge propaganda expenditures which deprive them of new telephone products and which anesthetize public inquiry and render government regulation impotent. Only an enlightened public supporting the checks and balances of effective government regulation can guarantee that the public interest is served.

2. GE's Great Bulb Caper

W. F. MATTES
Until his retirement two years ago Mr. Mattes was with the General Electric Lamp Division for forty years.

Four years ago General Electric ran a series of institutional advertisements in national publications entitled "WHO CARES?" Pictures and copy extolled the corporation's interest in many of the problems of our country, but the real purpose of the series was to offset the severe damage that had been done to GE's public image by the Philadelphia price-fixing trial of 1960. It was from this trial that the public learned of the leading role the company had played in fixing the prices of equipment which it and its competitors sold to electric power companies all over the United States. As a result of its conviction with other members of the conspiracy, GE was forced to pay more than $100 million in triple damage suits.

But price fixing was really nothing new in General Electric's history. Almost from its corporate beginning it has been controlling the price and market of light bulbs, the most universal and profitable of its long line of products, and for more than seventy years it has been engaged in a running battle with the Department of Justice over violations of the Sherman Antitrust Act of 1890, under which price fixing is illegal. Indeed, GE is defending itself in the courts at this very moment.

Two years after the passage of that legislation, the General Electric Company was formed by a consolidation of the Edison General Electric Company, the Edison Lamp Company and the Thompson-Houston Electric Company. The new company thereby acquired the fruits of Thomas Edison's basic carbon lamp patents. These patents however expired in 1894 and the right to make and sell light bulbs became open to any manufacturer. Many soon entered this new growth business, but General Electric was determined to keep control of it, and in 1896 secretly formed its smaller competitors into a group known as The Incandescent Lamp Manufacturers. This association, unlawful and unincorporated, was organized to fix prices and to set up a cartel system under which specific customers were assigned to each of the members. It was a rigidly operated group and members were subject to fines if they did not abide by the policies of the association. The success of the organization gave GE very early in its history a tight control of the nation's light bulb business.

By 1901 still other concerns had begun to make carbon bulbs in competition with the members of the General Electric combine. To crush this new competition and any other that might arise, GE conceived the plan of organizing the National Electric Light Co. as a holding company for controlling all of the manufacturers who were members of the previously unincorporated group and as many of the independent concerns as were willing to join. This new organization was incorporated under the laws of the state of New Jersey on May 3, 1901, with GE owning 75.2 per cent of the stock and holding an option on the balance owned by the officers of the new group.

General Electric never disclosed this arrangement and

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for ten years the National Electric Lamp Co. was represented to be an independent entity, supposedly competing against GE itself. In the same decade General Electric entered into a license agreement with Westinghouse whereby it too would maintain prices set by GE on carbon filament lamps. By 1911 General Electric, its illegitimate offspring the National Electric Lamp Co., and its licensee Westinghouse controlled 94.3 per cent of the domestic bulb business. During this same period GE had successfully negotiated for the tungsten filament patents of two Austrian inventors, Just and Hanaman. Because of the higher light-producing efficiency of tungsten over carbon this was indeed a very valuable acquisition; it gave the legal right to set prices on tungsten filament bulbs until patent expiration.

Meanwhile GE's price-fixing arrangements on carbon bulbs had come under the scrutiny of the federal government and in 1911 a civil suit was filed by the Department of Justice in the Cleveland District Federal Court asking that General Electric and the National Electric Lamp Co. be enjoined and restrained from continuing to carry out the terms of their joint conspiracy. The suit was not contested and the court issued a decree dissolving the National Electric Lamp Co. and requiring that GE make known to the public the fact of its ownership of these presumed to be independent bulb manufacturers. The former members of National Electric were merged into an operating unit known as the National Lamp Works of General Electric Co. The court further enjoined GE from setting up any price-fixing arrangements with any dealer, jobber or consumer.

This decree against price fixing merely stimulated the legal talent of GE to devise a method whereby the effects of the order would be nullified. Early in the spring of 1912 GE's law firm submitted to the then Attorney General, George W. Wickersham, a plan whereby General Electric, with Westinghouse as licensee, would control prices through the device of appointing jobbers and dealers as selling agents. These agents would receive stocks of bulbs on consignment; the manufacturer would retain ownership and therefore the right to dictate selling prices. Mr. Wickersham referred the plan to Wade H. Ellis who had been Special Assistant to the Attorney General in charge of the suit which the government had won the previous year. Mr. Ellis advised his superior that the decree as accepted by General Electric expressly declared that it would not restrict in any manner the prices at which bulbs were to be sold to the public or to any dealer. He further stated, as events later proved, that the decree was susceptible of evasion by the proposed plan and he felt the Department of Justice should not help General Electric evade a decree that had been rendered against it. Mr. Wickersham subsequently declined to pass on the legality of the plan.

Although unable to secure the blessings of the Attorney General for their plan, GE's lawyers recommended that it be adopted. It was a gamble well taken, for G-E Bulbs have been firmly price fixed ever since. In two major court tests GE was able to have its agency plan sustained in 1926 and 1949. A third attack was instigated by the Department of Justice in 1966, and the case is now pending before the Federal District Court in New York.

In the early years of GE's agency operation even the smallest agent, one with retail sales of less than $100 a year, would be required to take a monthly inventory and pay his serving jobber for the net value of bulbs sold that month. These small retailers were appointed as probationary agents and the contract they signed contained 2,236 words of dry and difficult legal jargon. In the late 1930s GE introduced a simplified agency for its small retailers, requiring an inventory only once a year. Monthly sales were determined from shipments to the agent's stock. This was a definite bookkeeping boon to the small agent, but the legal contract covering the deal increased to 3,726 words. When it is considered that the Declaration of Independence was written in 1,477 words, it is apparent that GE's lawyers were not going to take any legal chances with little dealers whose sales ranged from $5 to $10 monthly. Today GE has eliminated agency status for dealers doing less than $250 net per year, but the mass of legal prose covering the agency operation of its large chain retailers and jobber accounts exceeds even the wordage of the United Nations Charter.

In spite of all the words that GE's lawyers string together to establish the fact that the stocks of bulbs in the custody of agents are the property of the General Electric Co., instances are common where retailers pay for part of their stocks. This occurs particularly in the chain grocery field where regional warehouses are loaded up seasonally with huge quantities of the popular sizes of bulbs for selling promotions. The chains pay for these bulbs on the 15th of the month following shipment to their warehouses, but much of the stock may linger in their stores for six months or more before being eventually sold. Technically the title to these bulbs belongs to the chain, but General Electric nevertheless continues to dictate selling prices.

A tight control of the bulb market, in which profits are unusually high, is essential to GE's overall profit picture. The extent to which this is so was most evident in 1933 when GE's equipment and appliance sales practically vanished. In that dark and gloomy year, General Electric's overall sales dropped to $136.7 million, the lowest in sixteen years, and on this volume a net profit of $6.9 million or 5 per cent was reported. However, the lamp department of the company enjoyed a profit margin of 51 per cent, the highest in its history and a most fortunate financial circumstance in that it saved the company from falling into the red. Net receipts from bulbs, although down from previous years, amounted to $34.6 million and on this volume a profit of $17.6 million was turned over to the company treasurer. Bulbs represented 25.4 per cent of the company's total business, but the other branches of the firm went so far into the red that year that the dollar profit on bulbs was more than two and a half times the total net reported to stockholders.

GE's profit margin on bulbs has not been maintained

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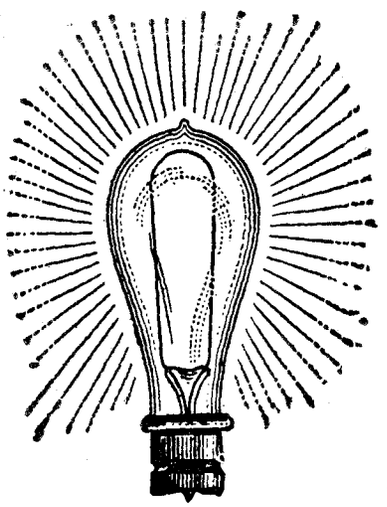
at this high 1933 rate, but even today it is many times higher than the company's overall ratio. Bulb profits continue to contribute substantially to shareholders' dividends and to financing the company's entrance into other ventures, some profitable and some disappointing, to say the least. The need for high bulb profits requires that the business be protected from competitive storms and the agency system has provided that shelter.

With this control of the bulb market, General Electric



has also had the power to set industry standards for bulb construction. In recent years the annoyance of short-life bulbs has been widely discussed by consumers all the way from the individual householder who buys a dozen bulbs a year to the federal government whose requirements run into many millions of dollars annually. The problem became so irritating to the government that a subcommittee of the Committee on Government Operations made a thorough study of the situation and issued in October 1966 a comprehensive report. Its opening sentence states that "Electric light bulbs burn out too fast." The study points out that today's 100-watt bulb actually fails sooner than did a bulb of the same power half a century ago. It is also interesting that the biggest reduction GE has made in bulb life occurred in 1933, the same year that it enjoyed its peak 51 per cent profit on bulbs.

The heat generated by the Congressional subcommittee of which Rep. Jack Brooks of Texas was chairman, forced General Electric to make some changes in the life of the lower wattage household bulbs, but not to anything approaching the standards recommended by the committee. GE also quietly introduced a line of 1,500-hour bulbs, double the regular life, at a 40 per cent higher price, but with no advertising or promotional support. The company weathered the storm kicked up by the government investigation and 750-hour bulbs remain the ones most readily available. With the large supermarket chains now grossing 55 per cent on G-E Bulbs it is obvious that nobody in the trade is going to upset the retail bonanza resulting from GE's long-standing short-life policy.

It may be asked why other manufacturers have not penetrated the retail market with lower priced, longer lived bulbs. The answer is in General Electric's ability to dominate most of the marketing areas in the nation through its agency consignment plan. Light bulbs are an impulse type of product and the more stores that display them the greater will be the sales. GE has the broadest retail exposure, and no other manufacturer has the financial resources to consign many millions of dollars worth of bulbs throughout the United States.

It is a different story in the commercial and industrial markets, where professional buyers have been able to break down GE's fixed discount schedules. In this area General Electric's market position has eroded considerably over the past ten years. Some of the largest retailers that merchandise price-fixed G-E Bulbs on their counters use lower priced competitive brands in their own store fixtures. (So-called "five-year bulbs" have been offered on the market from time to time, but they provide significantly less light for a given wattage and are a dubious buy. The double-life bulbs mentioned above are only marginally less efficient and much more economical.)

As its agency plan has enabled General Electric to flout the Sherman Act, it has also permitted the company to evade the Robinson-Patman Act's provision that all advertising allowances must be on a proportionately equal basis. That law is based on the normal vendor-vendee relationship and does not apply to GE's agency plan. General Electric gives promotional prize allowances to its agents, but to avoid any governmental criticism these are proportionally higher for the smaller agents. For example, in 1967 retail concerns whose sales were less than $20,000 net for the year received 1.2 per cent of sales as a promotion bonus, but on yearly sales of more than $40,000 the rate dropped to 0.6 per cent. The largest chains, with sales in the millions of dollars, were given only 0.3 per cent, and one wonders how their stockholders would feel if they knew their companies were discriminated against because of greater sales volume.

In its current suit against GE the government does not charge that the use of an agency system is unlawful; only the price-fixing aspect of the system is under attack. If GE obtains a favorable decision in this case, it is conceivable that price fixing of its light bulbs will go on for another generation, perhaps until 1990, the 100th anniversary of the passing of the Sherman Act. No other manufacturer has resorted to as many legal stratagems to maintain control of a market as has General Electric. Under its Prussianized distribution system its agents from coast to coast march in goose-step fashion on command from Nela Park, GE's light bulb headquarters in Cleveland. American retail business would literally be strangled if all manufacturers adopted General Electric's complicated distribution pattern. It is a mark perhaps of corporate arrogance that the name "Nela" was coined from the initials of the National Electric Lamp Association, the illegal group which the federal court ordered dissolved in 1911.

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WEATHER CHANGE IN CUBA?

ROBERT W. DIETSCH
Mr. Dietsch has been on a ten-country journalistic tour of Latin America, including two weeks in Cuba, for the foreign desk of Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.

Havana

Cuba and the Soviet Union have had their squabbles over the past several years, but today harmony prevails, and the consequences may be significant for the rest of Latin America and for the United States as well. The new amity, according to judgments by both Western and non-Cuban Communist sources, was achieved during a long visit made by a Cuban economic and political mission to Moscow. Castro's group had gone there expecting to stay for several weeks, but they lingered on for almost four months and flew home bedazzled by unprecedented Soviet pledges of monetary and technical help. Their understandings were apparently forged by a coincidence of Soviet political interests and Cuban economic interests.

For his part, Castro agreed to support publicly the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, at a time when Moscow was desperately seeking such support; to abandon his long-cherished dream of exporting his revolution to Latin America, and—the most intriguing stipulation—to "rethink" not only his relationships with his fellow Latins but also his future relationships with the United States. For their part, the Soviets agreed to send Castro more money than ever, and more skilled men to help explore for oil, tinker with Cuba's creaking sugar mills, expand mineral production (mostly nickel) and speed completion of a new fishing port near Havana. It is the largest in Latin America.

Since then there have been developments that appear to accord with this understanding. The Russians, without protest from Castro that they were wooing his enemies, have pressed diplomatic and trade agreements with other Latin countries. Eight of them now have full ties with Moscow and with most of the East European countries. The Latins apparently want not only to show their independence of Washington but are looking for new markets and possibly for new sources of military hardware. The Soviets are apparently intent on setting the foundations for expanding their influence to a new part of the globe, should they be so inclined.

Castro has been moderate in his criticism of Latin America and the United States. Even the U.S. Defense Department thinks he has stopped sending anti-government guerrillas to places like Guatemala, Venezuela, Bolivia and Colombia, although it is believed that he continues to train some guerrillas in the mountains of eastern Cuba.

Instead, Castro has turned his energies to domestic affairs. His new objective, at which he toils with characteristic zeal, is to make Cuba work economically, to turn it into a viable agricultural state. By this means, rather than by exportation of violence, he hopes to show other

Raul Martinez (Ewan Phillips Gallery)

Latins that communism can be made to work in the Western Hemisphere. Among other things, Castro now fancies himself an expert agronomist and animal scientist. Some British experts in these fields (including at least one Nobel Prize winner) concede that Fidel is almost as good as he thinks he is.

While there is no chance of reviving Cuban-U.S. relationships until peace comes to Vietnam (Castro is firmly committed to North Vietnam, and there are more than 1,000 North Vietnamese in Havana today), his associates quietly confide to visitors that "anything is possible" after Vietnam. There are even reports from Cuban officials, and also a couple of Western embassy officials, that several U.S. technicians are already in Cuba, with State Department blessing. To be sure, Washington ridicules the notion, but in Havana it persists. The key man pressing Castro to reconsider his complete antagonism toward Washington is said to be Moscow's new ambassador in Havana, Alexander Soldatov. His previous post was in London.

In the past, the Cubans have insisted that any change in relationships with the United States would have to be preceded by withdrawal, or at least indications of a withdrawal from Guantánamo. Washington has predicated any change on an end both to Russia's military presence in Cuba and to Castro's pledge to export revolution to the Latin mainland. He may already be meeting the second condition, although certainly not the first; some Westerners report more Soviet soldiers than ever in the Cuban hinterland. As for Guantánamo, while it certainly is of little military value today (it was built as a coaling station), pulling out or even publicly conceding the possibility of withdrawal would be politically risky for any American President. Therefore, Guantánamo is likely to stay, and some Castro aides indicate they realize as much.

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What Castro may try to bargain for, after Vietnam, is an official promise not to train and export guerrillas in exchange for a relaxation of the U.S. economic embargo that would let in machinery for Cuba's 142 sugar mills. That is where the embargo still hurts. In most other areas Castro is able to buy what he wants—machinery, farm and road equipment, even transport. (The British Leyland firm has agreed to sell Cuba 115 more buses this year, all of them air-conditioned.) Most major Western nations, especially Canada, Spain, Britain, France and Italy, are doing more business with Cuba each year. In 1968, almost 20 per cent of Cuba's foreign trade was with the West, for a total value estimated at between $120 million and $140 million. Western businessmen in Havana say that Cuba has more hard currency than ever to buy what it needs. Castro continues to export everything possible to earn foreign currency; that is one reason why butter and orange juice are practically nonexistent in Havana, why food and clothing are strictly rationed.

But sugar is still the crop with which Fidel will succeed or go broke in the attempt. It accounts for 85 per cent of Cuba's foreign exchange earnings, and there is little reason to think that the percentage will decline much in the next few years. Yet sugar harvests haven't come up to expectations; this year's production was almost 3 million tons below the target of 7 million. Nevertheless, Castro has announced, in near-frantic tones, a target of 10 million tons for 1970. Almost no one expects him to come near that figure, although he may top the present record of 7.3 million tons set under Batista in 1953.

The one chance Castro has to swell his sugar harvests, and thus become less dependent upon Moscow, is to renovate the mills. All were built with U.S. machinery by U.S. firms, some at the turn of the century. The problem in Cuba is not getting the cane cut; Castro already has plans to mobilize the whole country for that purpose. (Incidentally, for such mobilizations Castro has had to rely more on the Communist Party apparatus and less on his own staff, thus raising the possibility that in the future Cuba will be run less by one man and more by the party committee system used in Russia and Eastern Europe.) The problem with sugar is trucking the cane to the mills and then keeping the mills creaking in operation. Ever since the new understanding with Moscow, quite a few Soviet and Czech engineers have been trying to patch up the mills, but with limited success. What Castro needs are U.S. engineers and U.S. parts. Hence, the persistent reports that he will seek a crack in the embargo.

The Nixon Administration's view of all this is not known. Any change in the current Cuban policy, even any relaxation, would be politically hazardous for the President. Yet despite Nixon's campaign statements about a stiffer line toward Castro, Secretary of State William Rogers has said there will be no change. Some Cubans have seized on that as an indication that the worst is known and that the future may be brighter.

If Castro can make the Cuban economy healthy under his brand of communism, the success would attract great attention in Latin America, an area where nationalism and resentment of Washington is as high as it has ever been (see the Rockefeller mission). Despite the Alliance for Progress and almost $10 billion worth of U.S. help since 1961, Latin America is losing ground; it probably has more poor, ill-housed and undereducated people today than ever before. The Latin share of world and U.S. markets is well under that of 1961. Per capita food output is down in some countries. National motivation on the part of the Latin elite, military leaders and civilian politicians remains at a minimum, in contrast to Cuba where most people are intensely committed to Castro and communism. In the areas of health and education Cuba probably has made more quantitative progress in the last decade than any other Latin country.

In view of what Castro has already been able to accomplish, and assuming that his present determination to build a going economy is not pure illusion, it may be to the interest of the United States, as well as of Cuba, to break through the Caribbean curtain of animosity and mistrust.

JOHN L: SOMETHING OF A MAN

SAUL D. ALINSKY
Mr. Alinsky is executive director of the Industrial Areas Foundation and the author of John L. Lewis: An Unauthorized Biography *(1949).*

History is written in the enigma of the paradox. To survive physically the time of life itself—the years of passion, adventure, creation, conflict and the changing of the world—is in itself tragic. It can be fatal to one's place in history. Gandhi came perilously close to crossing that chronological threshold when already his *Satygraha* was being undermined by his approval of the armed invasion of Kashmir. He knew the importance of his last words to his assassin, "You are late."

John L. survived his life by a full generation. If he had died in 1939 or 1940, history would have recorded him as the great champion of the oppressed, our folklore would have included the saying, "If the great John L. Lewis had not died, this would never have happened." Lewis was idolized by the oppressed and the have-nots of the world. In South America his name was revered by the peons and peasants, feared and hated by the Establishment. He was the battling, invincible gladiator fighting for all the workers. *Unfortunately*—and I choose the word

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carefully for I loved him not only as my teacher, my close friend but literally my political father—unfortunately he survived his life. He survived his life and that of his enemies and with few exceptions his friends, his allies and in a significant sense, his union, and the world he had known. It is sad that John L. Lewis physically leaves at a time when his enemies are not here to exult or his friends to grieve, and when the younger generation is saying, "We thought he died years ago." And because of this he is bound to suffer historically. It is the paradox that history has great difficulty making a valid judgment if one physically goes on too long. One's place in history is decided not only by *when* one dies but by *how* one dies, so in a real way the assassin becomes the friend and historical ally of the gladiator. The inner unspoken prayer of the gladiator in the arena is that he will die in battle and that his very physical act of dying will carry a meaning and a force to the eternal struggle.

Of course, the John L. Lewis I knew was different in human quality from the towering, grim, belligerent, pontifical public figure whom the public saw. He loved life, loved the laughter and the joy and the danger of it. He had a habit with his personal friends of punctuating humorous anecdotes by jabbing you in the stomach with his forefinger, and many a time late at night I would ruefully look at the bruises on my stomach and ribs and then break up in laughter, recalling the stories. When he laughed, he laughed with every part of his body.

I remember his anger and hurt when we left the White House after the stormy bedroom scene with Franklin Delano Roosevelt which came to a climax when Lewis wheeled on the President and said, "No one can call John L. Lewis a liar and least of all FDR!" There was fire between us as Lewis stormed out of the White House muttering, "plague on both their houses," and I insisted that if he was not going to support my political hero, FDR, he would have to declare for Willkie. He could not stay neutral without playing into the hands of complete Communist domination of the then C.I.O. He could not strengthen the claim of the American Communist Party that Roosevelt was a warmonger and Willkie "a barefoot Wall Street boy," that it was an imperialist war and the hell with both of them. There was that moment when Lewis charged me with being more with FDR than with him. But then he knew that it was not being more with FDR than with John L., but being totally against Adolf Hitler which transcended every other consideration, and so our friendship continued.

If I speak here in personal terms it is because it is the best way to see and understand that man, John L. Lewis. There was an afternoon a few weeks after I had experienced a shattering personal tragedy and was in deep mourning. I went to Washington and did what I had done every place else—walked alone. As I passed the White House the gate swung open and a big Cadillac came out. It braked to a sudden stop and out came Lewis. He had just left the President and suddenly saw

his friend and knew of the ordeal. Without a word he put his arm through mine and we walked for some hours in utter silence except for the frequent reassuring squeeze from the hand of that man. Tenderness he possessed and compassion and love. One had to dig for it as though he were a deep mine, but the deposits were rich and beautiful.

He cared and felt deeply beneath the impassive mask of seemingly cold unapproachable ruthlessness. I saw him weep at the plight of others.

Human to the inner atom, a master of power on a mass base, he would constantly make the mistake in his personal life of not abiding by the lessons of power he so brilliantly formulated and propounded. When I would criticize him for permitting personal relationships to confuse and cloud his own understanding of power, he would grin and say, "Sometime you'll understand." In later years I found myself making the same mistakes. Of all my teachers in power and mass organization, he was the greatest.

What else is there for me to say except to quote him from the last page of the biography I wrote: "The doors of history swing on tiny hinges. Nothing is more barren and futile than speculation on what might have been. I care not what might have been. . . . I care only for today and the wonder of life itself, the sunrise of tomorrow and the new dawn. For this and in this I live."

His defiance of every power from the White House out was a note of reassurance for the security of the democratic idea, that his dissonance was part of our national music. He was and will always be to me—as history will eventually make him to all men—in the words which he had bellowed at his miners, "Something of a man."

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Till We Have Built Jerusalem

CAMILO TORRES. *By Germán Guzmán. Translated by John D. Ring. Sheed & Ward. 310 pp. $6.95.*

GUATEMALA: Occupied Country. *By Eduardo Galeano. Translated by Cedric Belfrage. Monthly Review Press. 159 pp. $5.95.*

ROBERT F. SMITH
Mr. Smith teaches history at the University of Connecticut. He is the author of What Happened in Cuba? *(Twayne).*

Karl Marx's view of religion as the "opiate of the masses" was an accurate characterization of organized Christianity in 19th-century Europe, and it has much validity for religion in 20th-century Latin America. Yet Marx ignored a dynamic, iconoclastic current in the Christian tradition which periodically breaks through the wall of tradition to challenge and even disrupt the established order. It is a current which frightens both prince and prelate with its moral fervor and its burning concern for God's "little people."

From time to time Christian clerics and laymen have decided that exhortation and almsgiving were grossly inadequate for implementing the social imperatives of the Gospel, and have adopted activist tactics to accelerate change in the social order. Thus the Christian church can be the mother of revolutionaries. Although a minority tradition, there is in Latin America a legacy of revolutionary priests which extends from Padres Miguel Hidalgo and José María Morelos (Mexico) through Padre Guillermo Sardiñas (Cuba), and Padre Camilo Torres, the subject of Germán Guzmán's study. This tradition is of growing importance in Latin America today. An increasing number of priests are working to change the *status quo* and are challenging the established orthodoxies in religion, politics and economics. Many of them are still committed to nonviolent tactics, but others have rolled up their cassocks and "gone to the hills." This trend may be accelerating. A young Argentine priest, commenting on the "coming social revolution," bluntly stated: "We can get our hands muddy and maybe bloody, and help to lead that revolution. Or we can sit back in our comfortable parishes and wait until the revolution sweeps over us and drowns us. I've made my choice."

The relationship between Christianity and revolution is the major theme of Guzmán's book on Camilo Torres, and it is given some attention in Eduardo Galeano's study of the upheaval in Guatemala. In June 1965, Camilo Torres issued a statement explaining the theological basis of revolution. He explained that the Mass is "fundamentally a community action, but the Christian community cannot authentically offer the sacrifice if it has not first authentically fulfilled the precept of love of neighbor." Padre Camilo noted that he had become a priest because he thought that this was the purest way to serve "my neighbor." The Colombian social structure presented obstacles to the realization of this ideal. And to serve his neighbor, Camilo turned revolutionist:

> In analyzing Colombian society I have realized that a revolution is necessary in order to give food to the hungry and drink to the thirsty, to clothe the naked and to obtain the welfare of the majority of our people. I think the revolutionary fight is a Christian and priestly fight. Only through it, in the concrete circumstances of our country, can we accomplish the love which men must have for their neighbor.

Thus he requested that he be freed from clerical obligations in order to create the conditions which might make the Mass "more authentic."

Galeano's volume concludes with a statement by Father Thomas Melville (who was suspended as a priest of the Maryknoll order and forced to leave Guatemala after his connections with the guerrillas became known). Melville is quite explicit in his view that revolution is only self-defense for the masses who are forced by the men of power to defend their "God-given right to be men." The theological basis is clearly stated:

> When the fight breaks out more in the open, let the world know that we do it not for Russia, not for China, nor any other country, but for Guatemala. Our response to the present situation is not because we have read either Marx or Lenin, but because we have read the New Testament.

And, in the mountains of Guatemala the guerrilla Comandante César Montes carries a copy of the encyclical of Pope Paul VI, *Populorum Progressio.*

A common theme in both these books is the problem of violent versus nonviolent means of effecting social change. Camilo Torres argued that peaceful change was indeed preferable, but that the elite groups in Colombia made this course impossible by their refusal to accept the radical changes necessary for the alleviation of the misery of the poor majority. To Padre Camilo, the rich had for years exercised both direct and indirect violence against the poor: "the ethic is to be violent once and for all in order to destroy the violence which the economic minorities exercise against the people." The revolutionaries in Guatemala voice the same argument. As Galeano explains:

> Guerrilla violence is the reply to the system's violence. The double violence of the system: *indirect violence*, expressed in Latin America by the simple but terrible fact that each year as many children die of hunger or disease as the toll of three Hiroshima-type atomic bombs, and *direct violence* by the military and police.

This is what the Rebel Armed Forces meant when its leaders rejected a government amnesty offer: "The people must wage revolutionary war since their enemies will not renounce violence." The system poses two alternatives, resignation to the violence of the powerful or violence in defense of the rights of the poor.

Galeano has especially critical words for the hypocritical leaders of the United States who make pious statements about nonviolent change and the evils of revolutionary violence, yet who supply the hardware for the direct military assault on the people and provide the economic-military support for the groups which impose the indirect violence of starvation and misery. Galeano provides a variety of specific examples to show how the direct violence is growing under the benevolent tutelage of the Green Berets. More than 2,800 intellectuals, students, labor leaders and peasants, he says, have been assassinated during the past eighteen months by the vigilante branch of the military; U.S. fighter-bombers conduct napalm missions from Panama to incinerate villages in Guatemala; and in the concentration camps victims from all walks of life are tortured to death by U. S.-trained guards. Liberals who think that Vietnam represents an aberration of U.S. foreign policy would do well to read this book.

Guzmán does not offer a complete biography of Camilo Torres. The early years are covered sketchily and the reader has to dig in order to see the

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transition from an idealistic young man to priest-sociologist, to active campaigner for social change, and finally to guerrilla fighter. The cloudiness of the presentation is partly due to the peculiar organization of the material (largely topical). Also, one might prefer a little less eulogy and more analysis of the process which makes a Christian revolutionary. But this is quibbling. The book is a labor of love by a friend and confidant, and it gives large excerpts from the writings of Camilo Torres (including some private correspondence). Guzmán provides a good look at the wide range of Colombian opinion regarding Camilo, and the difficulty which he experienced in trying to unify the diverse opposition groups. From Camilo's failure in this effort Guzmán draws the moral that as long as the "sectarianism of the revolutionaries" paralyzes the Latin American leftists, they will never be anything but "simple, underdeveloped agitators."

Guzmán also demolishes the ideas about Camilo's "surrender" to communism, or the "fuzzy-mindedness" of his idealism. The "Platform of the United Front of the People" (which he proclaimed in 1965) presents specific demands for the kinds of reform which would produce structural change. Not all industry would be nationalized, foreign capital would be allowed to remain (under strict controls), and free public education would respect the ideology of the parent until the completion of the secondary stage. Padre Camilo was not a wild-eyed fanatic who expected to find utopia just over the hill. He took each new step after careful thought and with full realization of the possible consequences. His words of warning to the students of the National University should be pondered by all snack-bar revolutionaries:

> The revolution is not made by throwing stones at the police or burning a car. . . . It is necessary that the revolutionary conviction of the student bring him to a real commitment, even to the ultimate consequences. Poverty and persecution need not be sought. But, in the present system they are the logical results of a fight without quarter against the thriving structures. In the present system, they are the signs of an authentic revolutionary life.

Guzmán seems to have a few reservations about Camilo's decision to join the guerrillas, but Camilo had become convinced that the Colombian politicians had marked him for death and preferred to meet the occasion face to face in the hills rather than by surprise in some back alley of Bogotá. Death came on February 15, 1966. "Camilo," Guzmán concludes, "was the result of his vocation, poured out in total offering."

Galeano (a Uruguayan writer and editor) has written an angry, passionate book. But it is far more than mere polemic. He names names (even some of the Green Berets in Guatemala), cites specific events, and provides evidence based upon interviews and research. Several chapters are devoted to a history of Guatemala since 1944, current conditions, and the growing political-economic-military intervention by the United States. The subtitle of the book is one of his main themes; Guatemala for all practical purposes has been an occupied country since the United States engineered the overthrow of Jacobo Arbenz in 1954. The U.S. Government has supported North American corporations in their take-over of the Guatemalan economy. Free enterprise is the name of the game; as Galeano wryly notes, "Free competition with hens is an old dream of the fox in every hen-coop on earth." As one example, Galeano describes the "gentlemen's agreement" between the Guatemalan Government and Electric Bond & Share which the International Bank imposed as a condition for a hydroelectric project loan. The agreement established an indemnity payment to the company for possible loss of profits even though Electric Bond & Share will distribute the energy and fix the price. (Another stipulation was recognition of the British debt of 1827!)

Galeano devotes several chapters to his experiences with the guerrilla forces commanded by César Montes. There is some discussion of tactics, but Galeano is primarily concerned with the political, economic and social ideas of the revolutionaries. One of the central goals of the movement is the integration of the Indian into the life of a restructured Guatemala. The large Indian population of the rural areas complicates guerrilla activities since resignation and fear create barriers to political education. The revolutionaries try to convince the Indians that their misery is produced by an exploitative system, and some Indian peasants have become guerrillas. This has to be done cautiously, however, so as not to expose the Indian villages to the murderous wrath of the military. The revolutionaries are under no illusions concerning the immediacy of victory. They are not following any set formula and realize that the Cuban experience will not be repeated, "in the same terms in which it occurred there." The revolutionaries expect a long, painful process in which the civilian political puppets ("Yanquimalans") and the corrupt military will become increasingly ineffective. At some point in this process they fully expect the United States to despair of its clients and openly invade Guatemala (as with the Dominican Republic in 1965). They expect such action will clarify the issues for Guatemalans of various political persuasions, and create numerous recruits for the fight against the Yanqui.

Comandante César Montes, leader of the Rebel Armed Forces, describes the revolutionary movement as "a broad patriotic movement with a very simple program: that we ourselves, as Guatemalans, can lead against any foreign intervention, military, economic or political." As he told Galeano: "All these Indian compañeros whom you see here in the camp are Catholics, fervent Catholics." Galeano noted that the arms carried by the guerrillas were all of U.S. or Western European make. Cuba may supply inspiration and a cheering section, but the revolutionary movement in Guatemala is an indigenous one led by radical leftists who are not the puppets of any country. In fact, the only Cubans Galeano could locate in Guatemala were exiles working with the CIA in the concentration camps.

As the cost in blood and treasure mounts, and as the danger of Vietnam-type involvements in Latin America increases, perhaps the leaders of our country might ponder Galeano's closing lines: "Deeply rooted in the peasantry, proudly linked to the best in their country's history, Guatemala's guerrillas are the product of betrayals and promises, crimes and hopes, which were not of their creation but which have summoned them to the quest of the keys to the stormy future."

THE REAL THING amidst abstractions and political illusions

Jack in the box
or deus ex machina
or Cupid in an airplane
or Ariel in the world
or Dogberry in MUCH ADO
or nothing in a bright essay about existentialism
or a sport in the dormitory
or a roar in the lion
or an audience in celebration
plus some poetry in THE NATION.

JOHN TAGLIABUE

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La Vita Associata

THE MAN WHO PLAYS ALONE. *By Danilo Dolci. Translated from the Italian by Antonia Cowan. Pantheon Books. 367 pp. $7.95.*

EMILE CAPOUYA
Mr. Capouya, a frequent Nation *contributor, is a free-lance writer and publishing consultant.*

While waiting for the millennium, the question is still the same: How shall we choose to live? But for most men most of the time, the freedom presumed by that question is an unattainable luxury. In the grip of nature and social arrangements, they must persist in a routine that was not devised for their satisfaction. Merely to entertain hope of a change for the better makes it more difficult for them to get through the day, to get through a cramped and unedifying lifetime. And then all at once the distracting thought becomes thinkable. Men begin to tell themselves, "I'd rather"—or more often, like Bartleby, "I would prefer not to." These refusals to begin with, and those claims thereafter, mark the epochs of human consciousness that we call revolutions. They are the specifically manlike expressions of human nature, and in themselves explain why among living creatures man alone has a history.

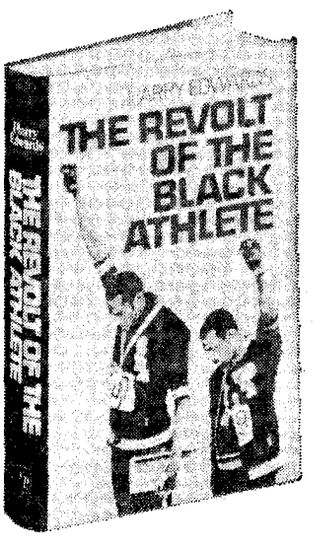
Sicily is a country in which serious economic privation is the lot of the many and elevating privilege the right of the few. That privilege is articulated not so much by the formal organs of government as by the Mafia, which to all intents and purposes controls the government because it controls the economic life of the island. If that seems to us an anomalous shape for a ruling class to assume, it may be that we are naive about the methods used to extract a surplus from the workers and peasants of underdeveloped countries. When Danilo Dolci lectured in Brazil on the Sicilian Mafia, one of his hearers assumed that he was using Aesopian language to describe the organization of Brazilian economic life. Exactions and exploitation amounting to systematic spoliation, the practice of awarding petty sinecures to clients by "recommendation," the resulting atomizing of social life in a milieu of hunger and favors—all the stigmata, in short, of government by pistol are common to the countries that we of the rich nations have been *underdeveloping* since the Industrial Revolution.

In such a country Mr. Dolci chose to conduct an inquiry. Already notorious for his attempts to instill in the oppressed a practical ideal of self-determination, he went about Sicily asking peasants, laborers, fishermen, politicians, housewives, clergymen, union officials and school children, "What, in your opinion, are the obstacles to group life [*la vita associata*] among us at the present time?" Very often the answers proved that there was a prior question to be resolved, for the responses came to, "Who wants group life anyway?" Again and again people quoted a proverb: *The man who plays alone never loses.* Naturally. In a country where such "group life" as exists is the life of submission and complicity regulated by the threat of murder, every honest man's ambition is to avoid getting involved. At that level of the degradation of the idea of society, it does not even occur to the victim that the man who plays alone is the predestined target for oppression. Since his only experience of civil life has been coercion by armed bullies, the idea of finding protection and mutual support in a group—other than a group of licensed malefactors—can scarcely occur to him.

With the population so terrified and divided the Mafia should have little to fear. But the chiefs of the Honorable Society are alert to those first stirrings of consciousness that precede refusals of servitude and assertions of independence. After attempts at intimidation, some halfhearted tries at bushwhacking, and public accusations of communism (Mr. Dolci is about as Red as Saint Francis), the Mafia finally went to law about his activities. A particularly noisome Senator had been identified by Mr. Dolci as an associate, patron and minion of the Mafia. The Senator sued for libel, and in spite of the clearest evidence, reproduced in great detail in this book and supported by photographs, the court upheld his suit. Practically speaking, the revolution that Danilo Dolci has been instigating in Sicily has known just such setbacks from the very beginning, and little has as yet been accomplished by it if we except the absolutely essential and capital fact that the question of self-emancipation has at last been posed.

To the best of my knowledge Mr. Dolci professes no formal political creed. His essential vision is of the life of co-operative effort, freely entered into, in place of the systems for administering populations that we see everywhere about us, ranging from manipulation in the rich countries to open terror in the poor ones. His ideal of a polity is obviously most assimilable to the libertarian traditions of anarchism. And this is a good occasion for remarking that persons who subside into white-faced or red-faced unconsciousness at the word should accuse instead their crass ignorance of political

"...a black athlete finds that his equals are not his white teammates, but basketballs, baseballs, and jock straps..."



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history and of the history of ideas. Anarchism is not an ideal of chaos but an ideal of self-discipline, voluntary cooperation, and productivity through mutual aid. It is based on the observation that it is by means of those qualities that the world actually gets its work done—usually within a pernicious and counter-productive framework of coercive government.

The Man Who Plays Alone is less satisfying as a literary creation than as a collection of valuable documents bearing on the struggle for human decency. As always in Mr. Dolci's books, the direct testimony of his informants often has the point and simplicity of poetry, and is inspiring to read. But much space is devoted to an account of his trial for libel, the introduction of witnesses, legal maneuvers, etc., and the form of the book suffers accordingly. Nevertheless, it is all of the highest interest, because the problems of social organization raised so dramatically, both in the interviews and in the reports of Mr. Dolci's disgraceful trial, are the fundamental ones.

In our own day, the libertarian impulses of the anarchist tradition begin to emerge once more as the most apposite and most practical attitudes for social militants to adopt. Bemused by the calculations arising from a kind of post-graduate capitalism, the non-anarchist movements on the Left have so far given rise, at best, to meliorist activity that is indistinguishable in its goals and methods from those of welfare capitalism. That describes the socialism of countries that started with a flourishing industrial economy. At worst, as in the countries that have tried in this century to free themselves of colonial status and the attendant conditions of underdevelopment, they have produced political tyrannies—another way of saying that they have adopted very expensive solutions for their social problems. Their excuse must be that, for cultural and historical reasons, the direct, economical, more generous and more interesting anarchist solutions were unavailable to them. The history of the American, French and Russian Revolutions, and of the Spanish Civil War—all of them at bottom popular uprisings that owed their relative success to the perennially reinvented anarchist conceptions of social organization—has been so misread and so traduced by all hands that only revolution itself bears witness to the point and efficacy of libertarian ideas. The parties of the Left have chosen instead like the frogs in the fable to beg for a stork to be king over them, a bureaucratic government whose function is to administer the populace to within an inch of its life.

To say liberty, equality, fraternity—and mean it—is now a luxury that only the poor in spirit can afford. The importance of Dolci's example is that he says the equivalent without a trace of self-consciousness. Of the two forces that will eventually redeem Sicily, the spread of industrialization and this lone man, it is hard to say which will play the more decisive role. In any case Dolci, without large-scale investment in industry, still offers hope of organizing the common life above the level of physical and moral squalor, for his principles lead to the freeing of human energies for production. Industrialism, without Dolci, can do no more than reproduce in Sicily the social conditions that have already poisoned the affluence of the industrially advanced nations of the world.

Troubadour of Revolution

INSURGENT MEXICO. *By John Reed. International Publishers. 326 pp. $6.95. Paper $2.65.*

ELMER BENDINER
Mr. Bendiner, writer and editor, is the author of The Bowery Man *(Thomas Nelson).*

The name of John Reed is breathed nowadays like a sigh for lost innocence. He was a journalist of a sort that has gone out of style. Reporting in the Reed manner has come to be regarded as quaint rather than useful, like the trade of a blacksmith.

He was a reporter on horseback seeking his story in the faces and gestures of the living warriors, not in the word games of press handouts or news conferences. He preferred to deal with the smell and sweat and blood and laughter of the people he chronicled rather than dissect statistics or marshal prefabricated facts to fit an established theory. Other reporters have waded in the muck of battle and some still carry their TV cameras into the thick of it, but they lack Reed's unabashed and joyful commitment to a brave fight in a good cause.

Before he went to Russia to cover the shaking of the world John Reed, still in his 20s, was sent by *Metropolitan Magazine* and the *New York World* to report that localized tremor—the unfinished Mexican Revolution. By following Pancho Villa and living with his soldiers, Reed captured in his dispatches the feel and quality of that uprising. Those dispatches convey what scholarly, more objective appraisals never could.

Reed had already won his spurs as a reporter by covering as a major battle in a long war the Paterson, N.J., silk strike, inspired and led by the Wobblies. It was there that Reed learned to prefer honesty to objectivity. He carried that lesson to Mexico.

Some of his Mexican impressions were collected and published in 1914 but the book was allowed to die in a single printing. Generations have passed without hearing those tales of high revolutionary adventure in the dawn of the century. Now we are much indebted to International Publishers for making the early Juanito Reed available again. Fittingly they have provided an appreciation of John Reed by the man who, as a telegrapher with Villa, sent some of his dispatches. Renato Leduc, now a journalist in his own right, speaks of Reed as "troubadour" and "muralist" of the revolution.

It took a troubadour to tell of Villa's attack on Torreón, for example. The battle, with its death and laughter, fear and high courage, was the stuff of ballads. John Reed draws for us the scene of Villa's horsemen fanning out across the brown Mexican plain. In the center of the offensive, like a gigantic battering ram, is the train that carries not only troops but their wives and sweethearts as well, making tortillas on the platforms of the cars on which the armies rode to war.

Here is El Niño, the great cannon, riding on its flatcar and Juanito Reed sitting in its breech or having a drink with the captain of the gun crew and his girl friend in the armored housing behind the big gun. We see a soldier running through the train and shouting because his wife has given birth to a son in the car up front before the big battle.

John Reed wriggled in a ditch to watch Villa's men storm a water tower and then fall back in a rout. He fled when they fled. He knew their fears and their great, gallant humor. He saw Pancho Villa's tenderness and understood the love of his men but he also noted the cruelty of men, even on the side of revolution. He knew them as men and women, simultaneously brave and cowardly, brilliant and stupid. He discerned the working of history in them but what impelled him to share their life was "the dear love of comrades."

It must be admitted, of course, that occasional episodes are more interesting for students of John Reed than of Mexico. Some are so clearly gilded by a boyish preoccupation with high adventure that they ought not to be taken too seriously. John Reed was young when he wrote these accounts, and so too was

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the century. All the shoddiness and horror of industrial misery, lynch law, genocide of the Indians, and the burgeoning empire had failed to demolish the innocent American, the homespun knight-errant, the shy hero, the noble crusader. Alongside the horrors stood the idealism of Americans who muckraked and thundered and challenged the mighty. It took two World Wars, Auschwitz, Hiroshima, depressions, the rising of the blacks and the possibility of the world's slow famine or swift annihilation to take the boyish bloom away from America and its journalists.

There are honest newsmen even now. Some of them are brave and a few dare even to defy the fetish of objectivity. But technology weights the odds against the reporters who write passionately of human beings. The news comes now in quick bulletins, the interpretation in tedious conversation by dispassionate men in armchairs. In self-defense we must have only anonymous and impersonal horrors.

Perhaps that is why there are no more John Reeds to tell us such things. Yet how much we need men of Reed's passionate intelligence and tender eye at work for us in Vietnam and China and Cuba! We might then have a better chance to unearth the truth that lies buried in the plethora of fact.

Irish Literary Censorship

MICHAEL SHEEHY

Mr. Sheehy is an Irish writer now living in England. He is the author of Is Ireland Dying? Culture and the Church in Modern Ireland, *published this year by Taplinger.*

The Irish censorship board is a state body, but its outlook is mainly conditioned by the Irish Catholic Church which, to a far greater extent than the Irish Government, is interested in the fate of Irish culture.

Within the last decade or so the Irish Catholic Church has adopted a liberal social policy, and this has been reflected in Irish censorship. Indeed, of the Irish writers who appeared in the sixties, only Edna O'Brien has any real reason to complain of Irish censorship. Of her six books, five have been banned; and the most recent, *The Love Object*, is not yet out of danger. It is Miss O'Brien's misfortune that her books started coming before the liberal censorship got properly under way (her first book, *The Country Girls*, was published in 1960). And her marked preoccupation with sex—especially with an experimental kind of sex—made her distasteful to the Irish censors.

A preoccupation with sex was what marked and marred Irish censorship until the mid-fifties when the main purpose of the censors was to determine whether a book (*a*) is "indecent and obscene," or (*b*) "advocates the unnatural prevention of conception or the procurement of abortion." Indecency—broadly defined as "suggestive of, or inciting to, sexual immorality"—was a common charge in a situation where books could be banned on the basis of the sex impact made by passages taken out of the general context of a work. Operating from such a standpoint, the Irish censors banned left and right; and, as was often said, the Irish Index read like a guide to modern literature. True, the books banned by the Irish censors were mainly pornographic, but alongside the purveyors of sex and crime are listed most contemporary Irish writers and many of the best writers abroad. To confine oneself to the top rank of American writers, the Irish censors banned works by Faulkner, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Steinbeck and Tennessee Williams.

Inevitably Irish censorship was much criticized, especially by Sean O'Faoláin in his magazine *The Bell*. As a conces-

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sion, the Irish Government set up an appeal board through the Censorship of Publications Act of 1946. The appeal board—like the censorship board—consists of five members mostly from the legal profession; and having regard for some real literary ethic, it repaired some of the worst damage done by the censorship board. Some of the works by Irish authors on which the appeal board lifted the ban were *Stephen Hero* by James Joyce, *In a Green Harbour* by Benedict Kiely, *The Bogman* by Walter Macken, *I Knock at the Door* by Sean O'Casey, *Traveller's Samples* by Frank O'Connor, and *Bird Alone* by Sean O'Faoláin.

The sharp difference of view between the censorship and appeal boards gradually lessened; and, by the sixties, the censorship board had adopted humane standards. This had important quantitative and qualitative results. Thus, in the period 1960-65, the yearly average of books banned was 380, whereas in the period 1950-55 it had been 677. Serious writers were treated with more respect. The works of the most recent Irish writers—Patrick Boyle, John McGahern, and Kevin Casey—were passed by the censors, and most of these would have been banned previously. Indeed, McGahern's second novel, *The Dark,* had been refused publication in Ireland. A bill, introduced in the Dail (Irish Parliament) on April 28, 1967, provided that books banned for twenty years—since 1947—would be subject to re-examination. This was a tacit admission of past severity in the moral appraisal of literature.

Irish censorship has other means at its disposal besides the ban itself; and while these, like the ban, are much less in use today, they cannot be altogether discounted. An unofficial censorship exists in the public libraries through advisory committees on book selection. The work of librarians—usually intelligent and responsible—is hampered by advisory bodies whose qualifications for literary censorship are by no means obvious. Thus on September 8, 1962, some members of the Cork County Library Committee objected to the spending of public money on the works of O'Casey, Joyce, Behan and Tagore.

Catholic and nationalist bookshops also boycott books which offend their respective preferences. There is much less of this pernicious practice now which in the past had an important influence in restricting the availability of books, especially outside Dublin. Newspapers and periodicals are sometimes guilty of omitting or skimping reviews of serious books which attack the Irish Establishment, especially the Church. Finally theatres may refuse to present plays which the Establishment regards as too coarse or critical. The Abbey Theatre, for example, has not presented Synge's *The Tinker's Wedding* or Paul Vincent Carroll's *The White Steed,* an omission all the more remarkable when one considers the inferior works the Abbey Theatre has been presenting.

Set up in 1929 the Irish censorship board hampered not so much the Anglo-Irish writers as the later group of Irish Catholic writers born circa 1900—such as Liam O'Flaherty, Sean O'Faoláin, Frank O'Connor and Kate O'Brien. These writers, as well of course as the Irish Catholic writers who followed them, were more morally and financially dependent on official Irish good will than were writers like Wilde, Shaw, Yeats and Synge, who owed more to European inspiration and support, and who were influenced more by the standards of Anglo-Ireland than of Catholic Ireland.

Of the older writers, James Joyce was the most vulnerable to censorship; but it is one of the paradoxes of Irish censorship that Joyce's *Ulysses* is not banned. This is due to the belief that such work is not likely to be widely read because of its difficult nature. Irish censorship law states that the imposition of the ban must be considered in the light of: "the language in which it is written"; "the nature and extent of the circulation . . . it is likely to have"; and "the class of reader which may reasonably be expected to buy it."

No doubt, the original attitude of the Irish censors to literature was Jansenistic, that is to say, based on a view that the human mind is essentially evil and that the source of that evil is concupiscence. So great indeed was the obsession with sex that ideas lie outside the scope of Irish censorship. Thus H. G. Wells's critique of Catholicism, *Crux Ansata,* is allowed to circulate freely in Ireland, as is Paul Blanshard's *Ireland and the Catholic Power.* This is a remarkable concession from a heresy-conscious Irish Catholic Church, and suggests that the Irish clergy do not see ideas as creative and human reason as contributing much to the shaping of life —a view which is opposed to orthodox Catholic teaching.

The Irish censors have shown more distrust of serious literature than of trashy novels and magazines, even though the inspiration of such work is sentimental and vulgar. This lenient view of commercial writing led Arland Ussher in *The Face and Mind of Ireland* to conclude that "censorship is maintained primarily for the purpose of baiting the intellectuals." It would be truer perhaps to infer that the censors fear less the frivolous work whose purpose is not to educate but to amuse; and, indeed, even the Irish Catholic clergy show a tolerance of smut and vulgarity when it is used for entertainment.

Before the setting up of the Irish censorship board, Irish opposition to literature took the popular form of riots and protests. These were associated, in particular, with the presentation by the Abbey Theatre of the work of Synge and O'Casey. This opposition came from Catholic and nationalist quarters; both groups resenting what they saw as a coarse and denigrating interpretation of Irish life. O'Casey, in particular, was disgusted by the narrow vision and mean temper of his critics; and the bitter reaction of this kind man well illustrates the effect of Ireland—especially official Ireland—on the Irish writers. Of the Anglo-Irish writers, O'Casey best understood what Catholic and nationalist Ireland really stood for since he mixed and worked more with his Catholic compatriots.

What the present, more liberal, standards of the Irish censorship board really amount to is that the board is now concerning itself more with the motive of a writer and the interpretation of life expressed in his work than with its mere contents, especially its sex content. In fact, the interpretation of the Irish writers has been increasingly marked by a sense of hopelessness and despair, seeing the individual as doomed to corruption in moral isolation from his fellows. This interpretation is markedly in the tradition of Joyce and Beckett; and there is little doubt that Beckett, with his appalling sense of life's futility, does express the significant trend of the Irish vision, in spite of Irish Catholicism.

The harshness of Irish censorship contributed to the disillusionment of the Irish writers and people. The official discouragement of free expression during the opening decades of self-government led to a profound sense of frustration and apathy, which is now expressing itself in a widespread cult of force and violence. It is only in the last decade that the Irish Establishment has shown some recognition of the Irish writers—as evident in the Yeats Summer School set up in Sligo in 1958—and given some semblance of encouragement to a study of the Irish writers. Compared with the American, the Irish contribution to a critical study of the Irish writers is small.

Irish censorship inevitably resulted in a serious shortage of books by Irish writers in the libraries of the Republic. The ban, or fear of the ban, led to caution about buying books by Irish writers. Added to this was the indifference of the Irish people taught to distrust and ignore the Irish writers. Writing in 1962, Frank O'Connor stated that Irish book stocks were "awful" compared with those in the late twenties when he was a librarian. A continental university looking for the works of Liam O'Flaherty failed to find

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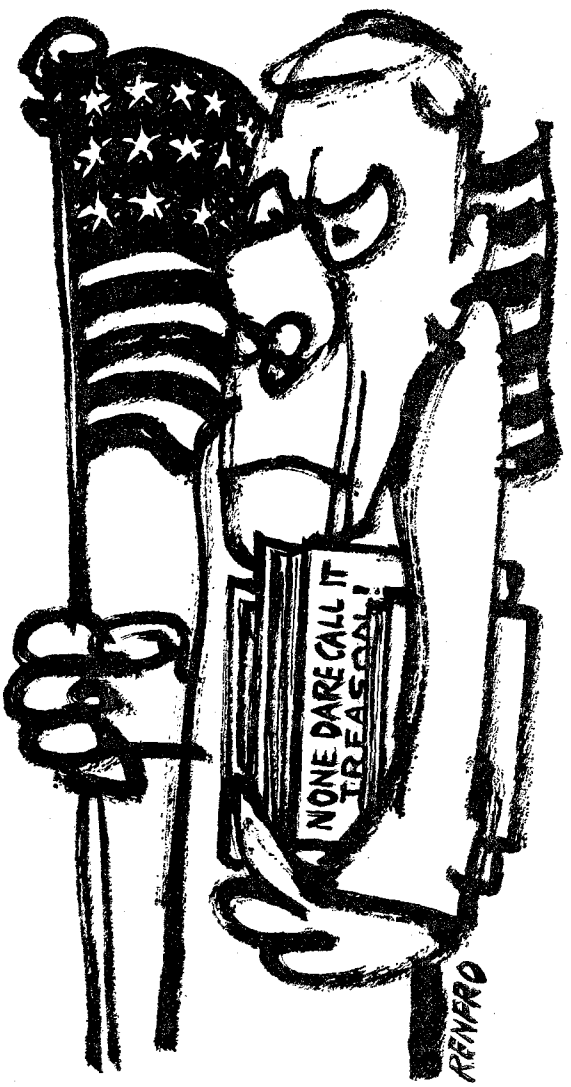
To Say?



Nixon's first victim has been freedom of speech. Witch-hunt investigations and conspiracy trials, shooting into crowds of unarmed people—this is the evolution of repression that we are all witnessing. Who will be the next victim?

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them in the whole of Ireland. It seems that any available copies of books by Irish writers were bought by American libraries where alone, apparently, Irish writers are adequately represented. If, as seems likely, the Irish seriously take on a study of the Irish writers, this shortage of books will prove an acute embarrassment. Paperback editions are helping somewhat to make up for this shortage, as witnessed in the case of Ernie O'Malley's *Army without Banners*, which was selling for three guineas, if you could find a copy, before it was issued as a paperback.

The easing of Irish literary censorship is only one aspect of a liberal social policy adopted by the Irish Establishment; and the present Irish scene bears witness to a considerable social revolution. Today Irish writers find a platform in the formerly ultraconservative *Irish Press;* whereas in the forties and fifties they were limited to such magazines as *Envoy, The Bell* and *Irish Writing*, which had a tough struggle for survival beyond the pale of official recognition.

What is striking about Irish literary life today is that the Irish Catholic Church has largely lost control over it, and seems disposed to let it take its own course. This reflects markedly the trends and tendencies of the outside world—the general discontent, adolescent and undergraduate unrest, and anarchism in economics and politics. Foreign influence is precisely what the Irish Catholic Church originally hoped to exclude, fearing the impact of a humanist inspiration increasingly inimical to Christianity, and hoping to preserve Irish Catholic orthodoxy by means of a reactionary cultural policy. But experience has shown that new ideas cannot be kept at bay by censoring books which reflect the hopes and aspirations of humanity inevitably united by increasing contact due to technical advance.

This Familiar and Lifeless Scene

MR. BRIDGE. *By Evan S. Connell, Jr. Alfred A. Knopf. 369 pp. $5.95.*

BULLET PARK. *By John Cheever. Alfred A. Knopf. 245 pp. $5.95.*

CHARLES SHAPIRO
Mr. Shapiro teaches in the English Department at Briarcliff College.

Driving to my job each morning—my place of employment is snuggled safely in a rather snotty, upper-class suburban community—I often feel as if some giant hand, on that day we little folk are supposed to turn our watches back an hour, had moved a giant clock backward forty or so years. The tiny shopping district resembles a Hollywood set, with store fronts suspiciously like plywood façades; the police are polite; one of the country clubs caters to a Jewish clientele; and one of the two black children enrolled in the local high school is the daughter of a prominent movie star. The homes are lavish, the children all college-bound. There is, however, a frightening rumble from nearby Ossining, home of the famed prison, where there are serious racial troubles. A few station wagons have replaced their Nixon bumper stickers with the plea to "REGISTER COMMIES NOT GUNS." This is, of course, familiar fictional territory, the rich turf for too many novelistic failures, for too many easy satires and obvious put-downs. Two recent works, however, have approached upper suburbia with reverence; and because Evan Connell and John Cheever really *care* about their protagonists, really seem to want to love them and spare them unnecessary suffering, we come to learn about a world and way of life of which we are too easily scornful and too obviously jealous.

Connell's vision of suburbanites is of configurations of trapped figures, powerless men, loveless women and haunted children. In one of his short stories, for example, ("The Condor and The Guests") a prosperous braggart, Mr. J. D. Botkin of Parallel, Kan., purchases a Peruvian condor and chains it to a magnolia tree in his back yard. The majestic bird refuses to eat the food of his captor and continually makes gallant attempts to fly away. Botkin, proud of his new but untamed pet, invites a number of acquaintances to a cocktail party to view the captive. All the guests, in their own private ways, are shown to be prisoners, but, unlike the condor whose spirit remains unbroken, they have all sold out, compromised, or given up. They are seen to truly have the "mind-forged manacles" so hated by William Blake, but unlike the poetic wanderer of "London," the citizens of Parallel, juiceless and terrified, are not the easy victims of a corrupt church or an evil state. Things are just too complicated and they seem to be doomed by choice.

In 1958 Connell gave us an intricate study of Mrs. India Bridge, a 1930s Kansas City suburban housewife, mother of three, wedded to lawyer Walter. Presented in short, apparently disconnected bits, mini-stories told in sparse prose, is a woman lacking any essential human connections, taken for granted by Walter, mocked by her rebellious children. Her attempts at constructing a meaningful life are pathetic, whether cultural or personal, and in the final segment, entitled "Hello?" her entrapment becomes literal as her Lincoln's engine dies and "she opened the door to get out and discovered she had stopped in such a position that the car doors were prevented from opening more than a few inches on one side by the garage partition, and on the other side by the wall." Mrs. Bridge taps on the window, calls out for aid. "But no one answered, unless it was the falling snow."

Connell's latest novel, *Mr. Bridge*, goes over the same family in the same mosaic form, but the focus is on the rigid man of the house "who seldom spoke to his wife about what went on at the office or in court," and who would return home, night after night, to what is referred to as "this familiar and lifeless scene." He accepts his life, defines his responsibilities, lives up to them, reflecting that "he had practically everything he had wanted," and occasionally coping with India's frightening outbursts. He is not a chap to wear a paper hat on New Year's Eve. A friend of India's remarks that Walter was born wearing a suit and tie. At times Walter Bridge questions himself. "My life is cut in half," he muses, reflecting on why he cannot communicate his day's problems to his wife or children. "The halves remain side by side in perfect equilibrium like halves of a melon. I suppose this is true of most men. Or are they somehow unlike me? Are they able to share themselves?" As for his children, he determines to impress upon them the three achievements he can boast: financial security, independence, self-respect. As with *Mrs. Bridge*, there are hints of terror underneath this precise life. Joy, as Mr. Bridge believed, "belonged to simpler minds."

Mr. Bridge is a more than able documentary of how a rich and ridiculous family functions. John Cheever, however, goes deeper, faces the terror as well as its opposite side, and takes amazing chances. *Bullet Park* is passionate; the hero, Eliot Nailles, is committed with fervor to his wife, his teen-age son, his community and his God. He can be tricked, he can be diverted, but when what he loves is threatened, he can act with fury. Thus we are concerned with his life; and its humorous details become much more than just another recital of the foolishness of suburbia. Poor Nailles's faiths are severely tested in assorted ways, but we are always rooting for this decent man. His son, Tony, takes to bed with a severe case of Oblomovitis and won't respond to the treatment of the local medical talent. A nemesis, in the person of the shockingly maladjusted

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Paul Hammer, arrives in Bullet Park and a melodramatic confrontation is inevitable.

Cheever's novels have been put down for being, in essence, a conglomeration of short stories. Perhaps. But in *Bullet Park* it works, for these moments are just the way life is for the commuting man: isolated tales of friends and enemies and a brave attempt to make connections. Hammer versus Nailles is replete with mythic and Biblical parallels. Beneath the station-wagon trimmings, Eliot and his family act out certain timeless rituals; their anguish is worthy of our attention and concern. Cheever's sense of the comic has never been sharper. The novel ends happily with Nailles's triumph and our feeling that we understand him. Cheever has gone beyond satire to truth. There are no cheap giggles in this beautiful book.

THEATRE & FILMS / Robert Hatch

Promenade (book and lyrics by Maria Irene Fornes; music by Al Carmines) is a rainy day in the attic with mother's old clothes, mother's old enthusiasms and a pile of vintage dance records. Here are Erich von Stroheim, Mr. Hyde, John Held, Jr., girls (all necks and beads), zebra-striped convicts with hearts of gold, pert servants for whom their masters are not heroes, and a little old lady who has lost her babes and found the wisdom of the world. They sing and dance, change partners and grand right and left for some two hours of crafted innocence (otherwise camp) to a cascade of music that sounds as though one's ears were afflicted with total recall. Mr. Carmines is a musical chameleon; he can recapture the quality of every popular musical style of this century, endowing it with just enough self-mockery to make evident his recognition that it is a talent not an art. That is disarming of him, and to be sure his scores sound better than many that claim to be creations; but this is the third Carmines show I have heard (*In Circles* and *Peace* were the others) and I've come to feel that the law of diminishing returns is taking hold. His songs are composed not of notes but of nostalgia—as soon as you listen they vanish.

A number of pleasant people are responsible for *Promenade* (among others, Lawrence Kornfeld directed and Rouben Ter-Arutunian designed the set, which is principally bicycle wheels) and I am pleased that they have a hit; I am also somewhat puzzled. The show seemed to me a little bleak and a little stiff from straining. More serious, it had trouble getting its footings in place, establishing its base of assumptions. Anything offered on a stage, from *Oedipus Rex* to *Charley's Aunt* has to make clear, and quickly, what premise it starts from. It need not be tangible—the seacoast of Illyria will do well enough—but unless it is manifest the audience gapes at flies.

I decided finally that *Promenade* was operating from a set of values that prevailed before we plucked the forbidden atom and came to realize that the birth rate was a worse scourge than Attila the Hun. The rich were listless parasites, the poor (even when criminal) were the salt of the earth, and a witty waitress could steal the show from any coupon clipper. But before this came to me I had sat morosely (it is always depressing to hold your applause when huzzahs are booming all around you) through a dozen scenes that seemed dedicated to *non sequiturs* and connected by random association. And when I did catch on, I remembered too that the entertainments *Promenade* was resuscitating had themselves been the thinnest possible slices of life. I wondered at so much dead-pan effervescence for so meager a memory.

Everyone coached by Al Carmines sings with a big, operatic voice—always the same operatic voice, which is another of his impressive tricks. This simulation of superb vocal cords (something, I have no doubt, achieved by diaphragm control and a small auditorium) is nothing to get depressed about, but I went home in that state. The papier-mâché sundaes in drugstore windows used to put me in the same funk; my mouth got gritty thinking of them.

Last Summer is directed by Frank Perry from his wife's screen adaptation of a novel by Evan Hunter. It looks like a realistic study of moral degeneration among the very young, but I found it would not come into focus for me at that level: it is too rigidly composed, the evil is too patent, to be convincing as social comment. However, when I realized that the film was a melodramatic horror tale of abnormal psychology, a Grand Guignol on Fire Island, it made sense of a rather empty sort.

Sandy (Barbara Hershey) is a pretty girl with a quick tongue for anatomical slang; Peter (Richard Thomas) and Dan (Bruce Davison) are a couple of husky, tow-headed boys. One gathers that all three spend the winter at suitable New England boarding schools. These three come together in caring for a wounded sea gull and briefly a summer idyl seems in progress. It soon becomes uncomfortable. The boys are worse than callow; they seem subnormal, laughing immoderately and grimacing spasmodically—more Caliban than college preparatory. They are at the groping stage of sex, which is right for their age, but they grope simultaneously on the same girl, which is arrested behavior in the late teens.

And what of a girl who encourages such advances? Sandy is said to be disturbed by the circumstances of a broken home and a promiscuous mother. In fact, she is Circe, that personification of masculine fear of the destroying female. She smashes in the head of the gull, and when the boys accept that, they are her slaves, condemned to perform cruel and humiliating rituals in her worship. A bright, uncomely girl named Rhoda (Cathy Burns) wanders into their group, and for a moment Peter is attracted to her, but Sandy whistles him back. Rhoda, being female, is immune to Sandy's spell; so Rhoda, like the gull, and like a decent Puerto Rican whom the three throw to a gang of sadistic hoodlums, is made a sacrifice to the cult of Sandy. Rhoda is stripped and held and raped, then abandoned, in a thicket behind the dunes.

There is a brief scene in which Sandy and one of the boys observe a pair of young males making love on the beach. That is expectable enough on Fire Island; it is also, I half suspect, the key to *Last Summer*. If one supposes that Peter and Dan are caressing each other through the body of Sandy, the film becomes a homosexual nightmare of what happens to boys who do not admit their true natures. The obsessive close-ups of faun-like faces are appropriate in that context.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

A group called The Art Workers' Coalition has attempted to confront the Museum of Modern Art on the subject of "The New American Painting and Sculpture" show. The group, no member of which is in the show, has undertaken to protest the exhibition in the name of morality. The basis of the complaint is this: the exhibition is not a straight loan show but a display of works in the museum's collection or promised to it, assembled with the aid of donations by the artists themselves. Such a view can only be the product of a malicious or ignorant misunderstanding of the normal operations of an active museum. I had my doubts about the advisability of mixing a survey of recent, in fact still current, art with acquisition policy (and politics) but the results justify it com-

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pletely. In the rhetoric of the Coalition the Modern is attacked as if it were monolithic, but this is a distortion of the new situation prevailing at the museum. The long-delayed departure of Alfred Barr and this month the retirement of senior curator Dorothy Miller have released the museum from a protracted ambivalence about American art.

Alfred Barr faced the emergence of American art like a father who wanted sons and got daughters. He did his duty and struggled to be just, but without the contact that comes with affection and understanding. Hence American art, at the moment when for the first time it attained world importance, was not really welcome at the museum. It goes without saying that the Modern did more for American art than either the Whitney or the Guggenheim Museums; but it is no less true that American art was not collected with the generosity and accuracy shown to, say, Picasso, whom Mr. Barr really liked. Barr did welcome Jasper Johns's work when it was new in the fifties, but this did nothing to rationalize the American collection as a whole.

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The present exhibition shows clearly how things were. Out of 157 exhibits on view, sixty-seven were acquired between 1941 and 1965 and ninety since 1966. When activity on this scale can be shown, it seems absurd to complain that this exhibition is not some other exhibition. The new attention to American art must, I take it, be attributed to William Rubin, who was appointed curator in the Department of Painting and Sculpture in July 1966 and whose promotion to senior curator has just been announced.

Numbers alone don't prove the caliber of a collection, so we should consider some of the acquisitions in a little detail. Of the five Gorkys added to the four already in the collection, one is a later version of "The Garden of Socchi," an important theme in the artist's work and hitherto represented in the collection by an earlier version. To Barnett Newman's sole painting, "Abraham," 1949, have been added "Onement, 3" of the same year, "The Voice" and "The Wild" of 1950, and the momentous 17-foot-long "Vir Heroicus Sublimis," as well as a later sculpture. In one step, as it were, the museum has represented a key period in Newman's *oeuvre* which is, at the same time, a central episode in postwar painting.

To the eight Jackson Pollocks already in the collection seven have been added: the new ones include "Shimmering Substance," 1946 (an allover painting, on the verge of the space of the drip paintings); "One," 1950 (possibly the greatest work of that amazing year); "Echo" (the biggest, but very delicately handled, of the black paintings), and "White Light," one of the last paintings. All of these works are major and all of them absolutely mandatory for public view. Among the newly acquired Rothkos two are exceptional, both of the forties: "Slow Swirl by the Edge of the Sea," the summation of Rothko's early biomorphic style (some years back the San Francisco Museum of Art stupidly exchanged it with the artist for a later work) and a hitherto unknown big painting of circa 1948. To the single weak Clyfford Still already owned by the museum, five large, fine, representative works have been added.

The full title of the exhibition is: "The New American Painting and Sculpture: the First Generation." Both "Abstract Expressionism" and "Action Painting" are rejected as terms in the check list of the show (a big catalogue is due later). Agreed that both terms are unsatisfactory, but what about "The *New* American" in the label used? It derives from an exhibition that the museum put on ten years ago; hence, "new" now means "old" or "earlier." I think that "Abstract Expressionism" is probably, for all its slant, a less ambiguous way to refer to the generation as a whole; the attrition of usage has rendered it nearly neutral.

The artists included in the show are those born before World War I who matured (usually a bit late) after World War II. One older painter, Hans Hofmann, is rightly included and looks fully at home; Theodoros Stamos is in because, though born later, he developed much faster than the American norm at the time, and the museum seems to have had a soft spot for him anyway. Sam Francis, born in 1923, compared to Stamos in 1922, is missing, I think erroneously; his drip paintings would have gone well with Rothko and Still and he developed fully as early as 1951. The sculpture, selected by William Agee, has one indefensible omission, Louise Nevelson, born at the right time and also maturing at the right time; I suppose Mr. Rubin just doesn't like her.

Only in the case of Adolph Gottlieb do I think that the new acquisitions are arguable. His two best pictures in the show are the ones that the museum already owned, a pictograph of 1946 and the first "Blast" of 1957. The six new works are big and handsome but they emphasize unduly the opulent decorative handling that Gottlieb went in for between 1949 and the middle 1950s. What is needed, instead, are earlier pictographs and later "Blasts."

Rubin has undertaken in three years to bring the collection of the Abstract Expressionist generation up to the level of acquisition set by the museum in dealing with earlier European art. The vigor and the patience of Barr's drive to represent other schools have at last been brought to bear, in his absence, on the collection of American art. Certainly such work could have been bought more cheaply earlier, as the Art Workers' Coalition complains, but obviously nobody is in a position to know that better than Rubin. It is dumb, or an attempt to smear his name, to criticize on this score a man who is making up for institutional neglect. Rubin has achieved the extraordinary feat of bringing the Abstract Expressionist collection up to par—not with other museums but with the rest of the collection, which is the harder task.

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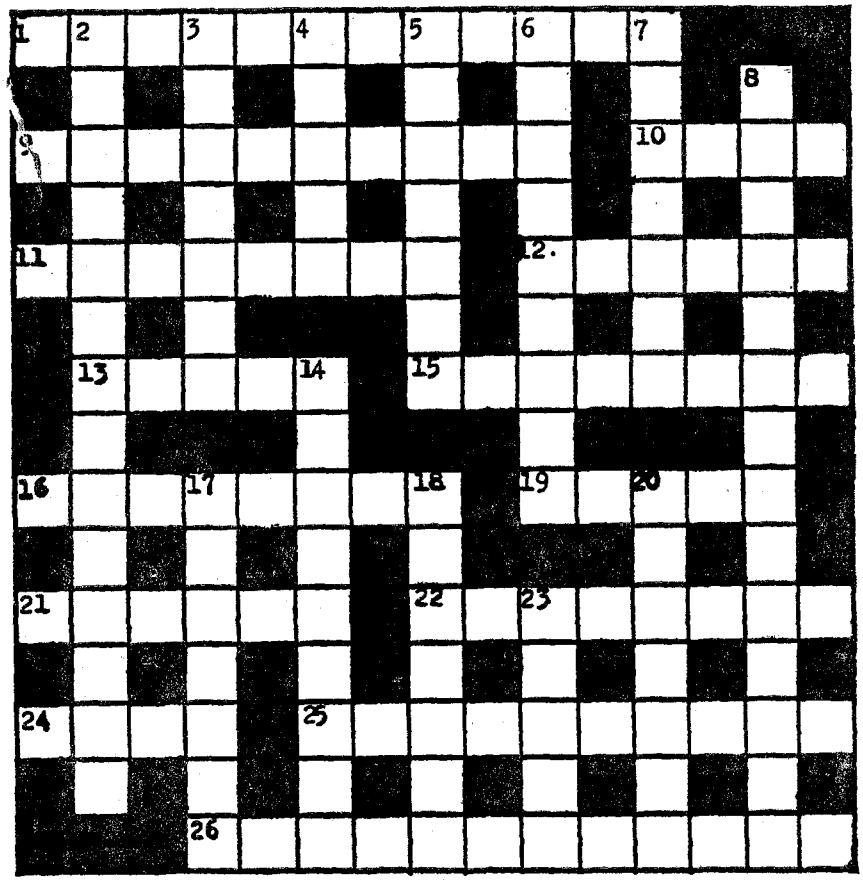
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Links mail together, producing damaged articles then. (5,7)
9 Thousands of orthodox people have this, etc.! (3,2,5)
10 They should come out even, or the wide end can be a shade longer. (4)
11 Gets around how Namath might win, in part. (8)
12 In no case would one trust them if the ocean's rough! (6)
13 As the appearance is changed, doesn't like the result! (5)
15 Women will never succeed because of it. (5,3)
16 Partner I have to get out of trouble when he pulls into his shell? (8)
19 Mexican flower of very aquiline association. (5)
21 Scatter rug about to remain flat and relatively displeasing to the eye. (6)
22 Certainly not a friendly word. (8)
24 A nasty eyesore—at least in part. (4)
25 Singularly concerned with the first person. (9)
26 Part of the cable one should stick to? (3,6,3)

DOWN

2 Hank commonly (and very frequently) spliced? (5,3,6)
3 Importunate moment. (7)
4 By which the British may rise to high office? (5)
5 Pushes for through streets in the most simplified way. (7)
6 If morally right for the CIA, they'll justify it! (9)
7 Acts in a fiendish way. (7)
8 Does it consist of giving a star to one that can't be particular? (14)
14 Sounds like what was responsible for the beanstalk being set aside. (9)
17 What's the purpose in torn clothes? (7)
18 Evidently the rain ruined the sash in the city. (7)
20 More piano and less voice implied? (7)
23 Probably not your native language that is found in the side streets. (2,3)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1303

ACROSS: 1 Trial by Jury; 9 and 11 Readjust; 10 Hocks; 12 Mineral; 13 Richard; 15 Agitator; 16 Extort; 18 Storks; 21 Futilely; 24 Discard; 26 Sniping; 30 Open; 31 Talking shop. DOWN: 2 and 28 Red-letter days; 3 Athwart; 4 and 29 Back water; 5 Justice; 6 Rajah; 7 Hexing; 8 Usurer; 14 Drift; 17 and 23 Telephoto lenses; 19 Tribal; 20 Sarawak; 22 Tenures; 25 Casca; 27 Eton.

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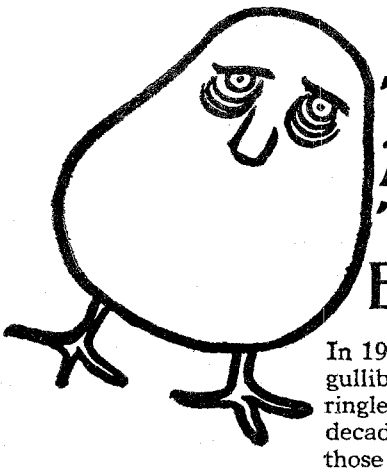

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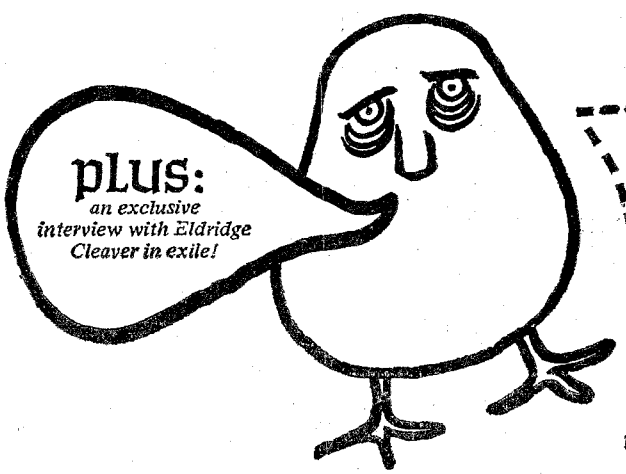

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